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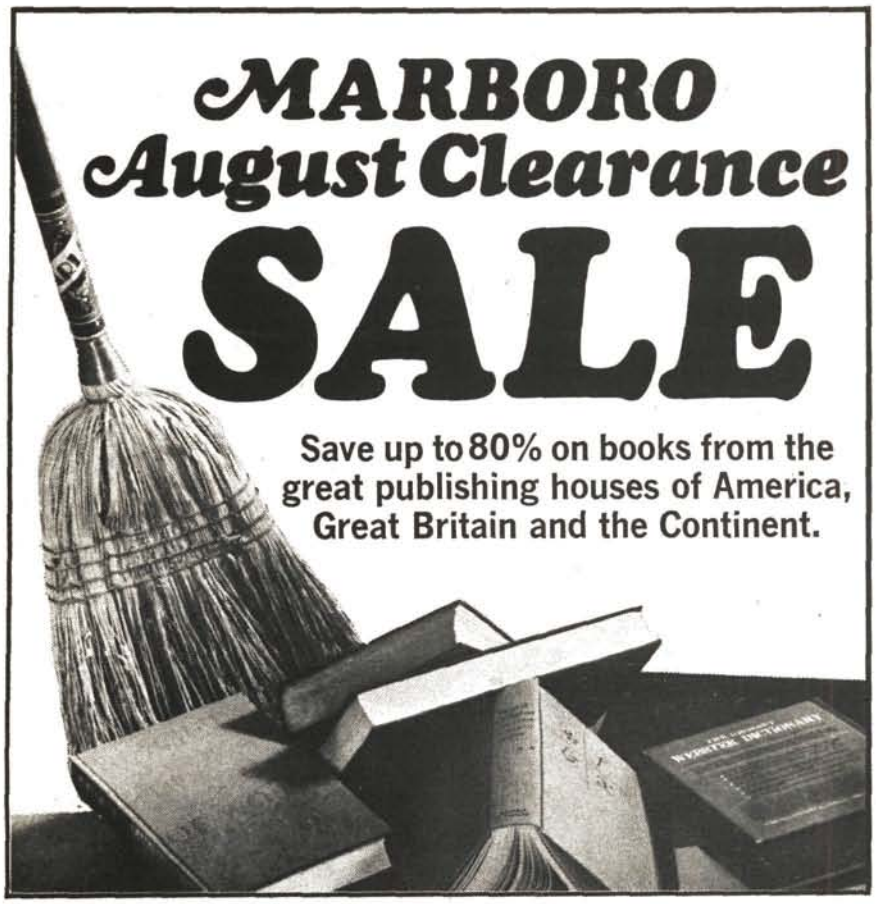
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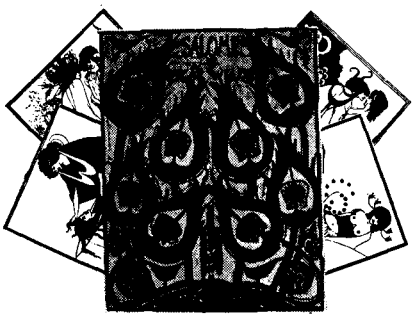

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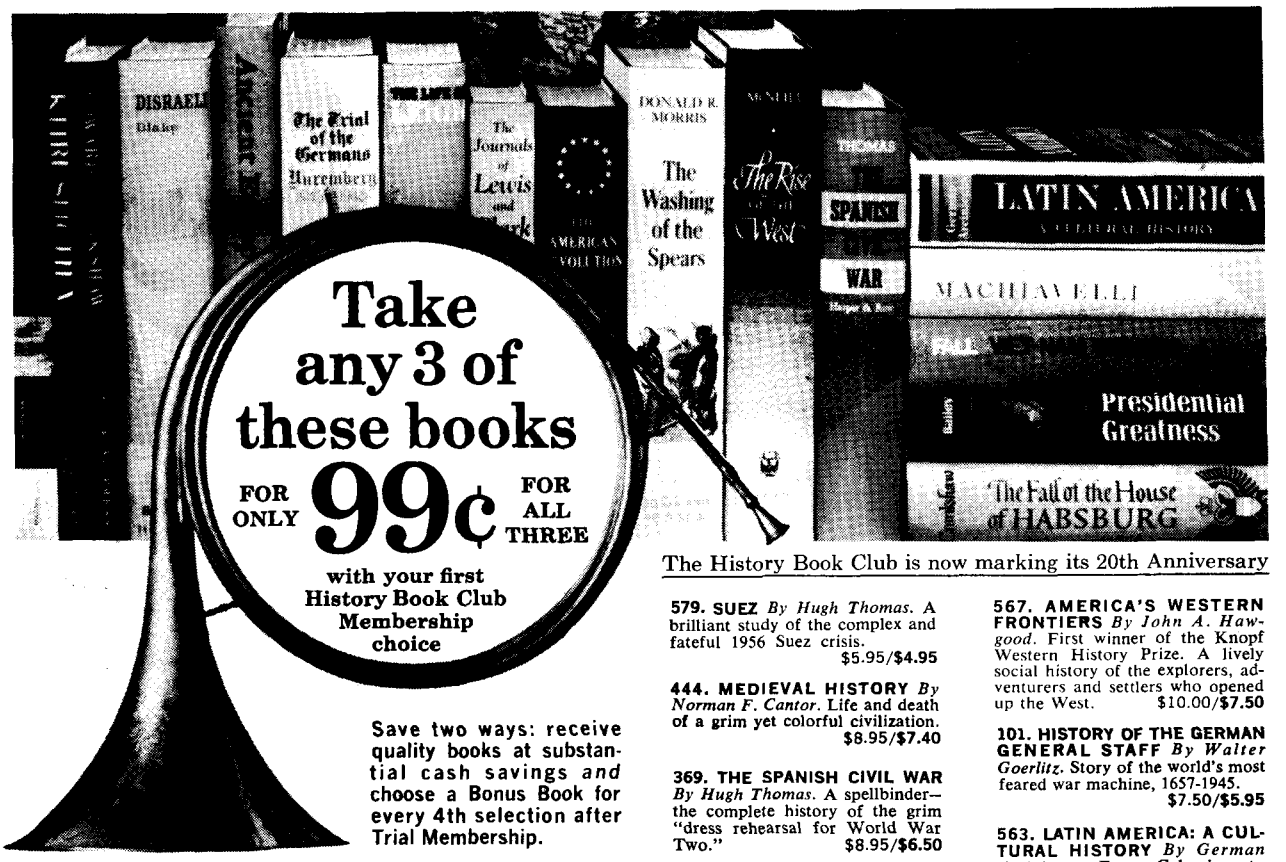

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ARE YOU A DISSENTING DEMOCRAT?

12,000 Southern California registered Democrats signed this ad which appeared in the Los Angeles Times on June 23, 1967

AN OPEN LETTER TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

This is to respectfully advise you, Mr. President, that as of this date we 8,000 registered Democrats, who helped elect you in 1964, are disassociating ourselves from you and your administration because of your conduct of the war in Vietnam.

We voted for you because you gave us hope of peace when in your election campaign you said: "We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves." (Akron, Ohio, October 21, 1964) This was a pledge, Mr. President. Since then over 10,000 Americans and countless Vietnamese have been killed in this war.

Your administration threatens us daily with the prospect of an all-out confrontation with China and inevitably with the Soviet Union, leading us inexorably toward a thermonuclear holocaust.

Mr. President, we dissenting Democrats want a cessation of bombing and an end to escalation. We want an immediate beginning of *meaningful negotiations* with *all forces* involved in this conflict. We want out of the war in Vietnam!

We echo the observation of Democratic Senator George McGovern who said: "We seem bent on saving the Vietnamese people, even if we have to kill them and demolish their country to do so. I do not intend to remain silent in the face of a policy of madness."

We will, also, no longer commit the crime of silence. We endorse the statement of Republican Senator Mark Hatfield, who said of this war: "The freedom to stand opposed to the government's policy is *not* a privilege that can be withdrawn when the boat begins to rock. That freedom is the inherent *right* of a people in a democracy."

We have taken pride in the domestic accomplishments of the Democratic Party. But, today, our concern for our country and for humanity outweighs any rigid party affiliations.

MR. PRESIDENT, WE ADVISE YOU AND THOSE ON EVERY LEVEL OF GOVERNMENT THAT, FROM THIS DAY ON, OUR CAMPAIGN FUNDS, OUR ENERGIES AND OUR VOTES GO TO THOSE AND ONLY THOSE POLITICAL FIGURES WHO WORK FOR AN END TO THE WAR IN VIETNAM.

(4,000 signatures arrived too late for publication)

Our goal is one million signatures endorsing this ad to appear in major newspapers throughout our country. A petition with these signatures will be presented to the Democratic National Convention.

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DISSENTING DEMOCRATS
9889 Santa Monica Boulevard
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Address .....

City ..... **State** .....

Signature .....

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Temper and Torpor

★ Investigations are not always designed to investigate. They sometimes also serve who only stand and wait. This may be the principal service to be performed by the Kerner Commission which President Johnson designated to examine the long hot summer's long anticipated rioting. Given the temper and torpor of what must certainly be the most lackluster Congress since Harry Truman's day, the President can hardly hope now for measures calculated to deal with the real roots of urban discontent and disorder. Congress is in no mood to appropriate funds for anything that could be considered "rewarding the rioters." The reaction to the rat control bill and the Teachers Corps afforded conclusive evidence on this score.

Anyway, the Kerner Commission isn't going to make its first formal report until next March; so its recommendations will not go to the current session of Congress. It may be that the mood, and the situation, will be different then. It may be that the long cold intervening winter will make it possible, for a while at least, to file and forget the Kerner Commission recommendations as the recommendations of the McCone Commission in California were filed and forgotten after Watts. But the end of that road may be catastrophe.

Meanwhile, Congress has some ideas of its own about how to handle rioting. There is, as among Americans generally, a strong taste for conspiracy. We tend to look for the most complex explanations and the most simplistic solutions.

So Senator McClellan's committee will seek, and probably find, scapegoats. It cannot accept the idea that the riots grew naturally out of wretchedness, alienation and despair in the urban slums. It prefers to think that Negroes, as in the past, would have patiently accepted these woes, with a few spirituals to comfort them, had it not been for mad-dog agitators and firebrands, presumably sicked on us by Castro or Kosygin.

The House Committee on Un-American Activities plans an additional little "investigation" of its own. This will provide a certain amount of not-too-arduous employment for its very large staff and will no doubt yield a conclusion that, so far as the civil rights leadership is concerned, Blacks are Reds and Reds are Blacks.

Prophetic Mayor

★ The problem of the cities is perhaps not so much a racial problem as a problem of adaptation to a changed environment. A great migration has been taking place in America – a migration comparable to the dramatic movement of people from Europe to this continent around the turn of the century. Just as men and women came in great numbers from the old world to the new, seeking freedom and opportunity, so Americans, for much the same purposes, have been moving in recent years from the country to the city, and from agriculture to industry.

In the 19th century, there was plenty of work for the immigrants, however uneducated and unskilled they may have been. But today's migrants, displaced by mechanization of the farms, have streamed into the cities wholly unequipped for urban living or industrial employment. Despised, rejected, surrounded by affluence and locked into their despair by malnutrition, lack of education and their color, they are ripe for rioting and for the street crimes that now so plague our cities.

The problem is not insoluble; but its solution demands much more than money. It demands a fixed focus of will and purpose and attention. It is unlikely to be solved by a President whose interest is centered in Vietnam or by a country whose energies and results are being consumed by war. Mayor Cavanagh of Detroit put it rather prophetically just a month or so before his city went up in flames: "All of us here know that the day for faint hearts and half measures is over. But we have failed to get the message out. Congress has not heard. They and the President are distracted with war and space games."

Small Win for LBJ

★ The most cheering event of the week was the acceptance by Congress of the President's Reorganization Plan for the District of Columbia. It demonstrated that the President is still not without power in Congress; he laid his prestige on the line for the plan and when the votes were counted won handily. The plan does not constitute home rule for the District. It does not in any way enlarge the extremely limited powers delegated to the District by Congress in the past. It merely enables the existing powers to be exercised more efficiently. But acceptance of it represented a real defeat for the Republican-Southern Democratic coalition and served to break, or at least blunt, the House District Committee's despotic rule. It may be a small benison but it is a welcome one.

★ *Note:* The label that Congress required on all cigarette packs – "cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health" – has had no "significant effect" on the smoking habits of the nation, according to a report by the Federal Trade Commission sent to Congress last month. Within a year of the surgeon general's report on smoking and health, consumption of cigarettes was breaking all records. In the last 12 months, Americans smoked 545 billion cigarettes. That's nine billion more than the previous year.

In his latest report to Congress on recent research into smoking and health, the surgeon general told Congress last month that the 2,000 studies made since 1964 produced "no evidence" bringing into question the earlier conclusion that smoking is (not "may be") dangerous to health and may cause death from cancer and other diseases. The new studies, says the report, "confirmed and strengthened" the link between smoking and cancer and heart disease.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 157 Numbers 8-9 Issues 2751-52 August 19-26, 1967 Published weekly (except the last week in July, the second and fourth weeks in August and the last week in December) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $9; Foreign $10; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright© 1967 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc. Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

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Civil War Two?

> *"If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could far better judge what to do and how to do it; . . . agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand'. . . . I do not expect the house to fall apart – but I do expect it will cease to be divided."* – ABRAHAM LINCOLN, June 16, 1858

It isn't Civil War Two yet; but few seem to have noticed a parallel between Vietnam and what has been happening in American cities. The Negro snipers were concealed and protected by the Negro community. So what do we do, bomb the ghettos then try "pacifying" them? Even now, the white majority seemingly doesn't have a notion what bugs Negroes. The Gallup Poll reported July 22 that 78 percent of Americans didn't think there was danger of riots in their cities; 76 percent of whites thought "Negroes are treated the same as whites"; only one in a hundred whites thought Negroes are treated "badly." So what did they think had caused over a score of ghetto riots since January? The whites whom Gallup polled believed rioting was caused by "outside agitators," and "Negroes demanding too much." That's what Congress wants to believe, too, and what white Southerners have been saying for years – ask George Wallace. It's what white South Africans and Rhodesians and the Portuguese in Africa say. George III probably grumbled about his American subjects, "We gave them some civil rights, what more do they want?"

A habit of rulers and of ruling classes is to ignore discontent as long as possible, then declare that if it exists, it's a conspiracy. So, as TRB points out this week, some people are saying that the Reds are at it again – only this time they're Black. Negroes, however, have thoroughly specific ills, that now scream for speedy cure or else. Take two:

► Jobs: Senator Robert Kennedy says the ghetto unemployment rate today is *worse* than was recorded *for all races throughout the nation* during the Great Depression. Youth may not appreciate the enormity of this, but shame on the middle-aged men who must remember, yet declare that the answer to riots is repression. There *have* to be jobs – and not just a hasty improvisation of vacancies for black waiters, dishwashers and busboys, either, but jobs that will restore Negro self-respect.

► Housing: President Johnson says that there are four million urban

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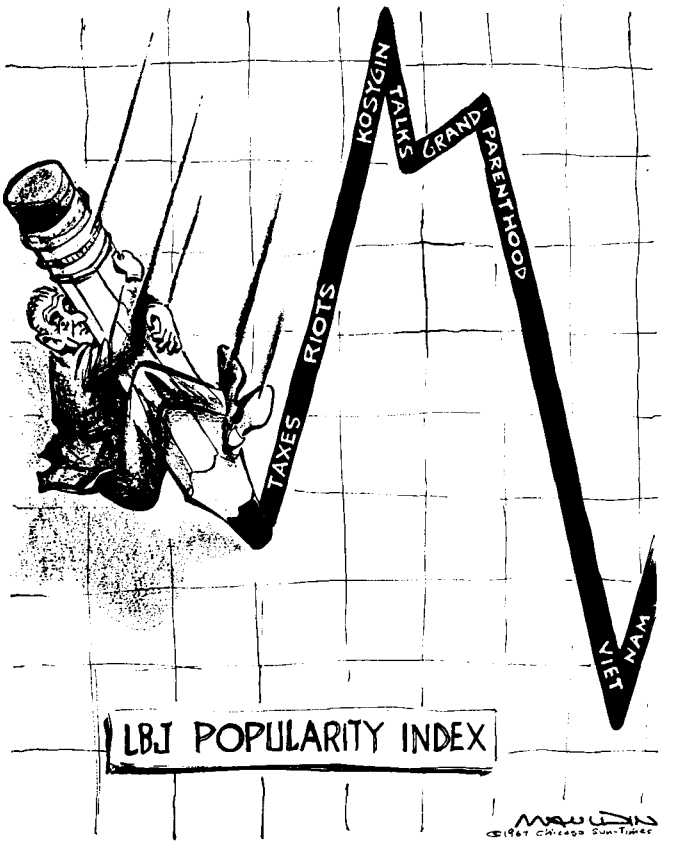
families who live in homes which "violate decency." Most of these families are Negroes. For years, the federal government generously subsidized a vast spread of white, middle-class suburban housing, while the black poor of the cities were being ruthlessly bulldozed out of their slums into worse slums, in the great cause of superior highways and urban renewal. Of the huge refugee army of families thus displaced, *more than 70 percent* are nonwhite.

There would be worthwhile jobs *and* homes for Negroes, if Congress adopted Senator Ribicoff's proposals for coordinated restructuring of cities and if Negroes were encouraged and financially aided to assume responsibility for reshaping the neighborhoods where they now live. But then – oh, horror! – there might not be enough money left for the Vietnam war. The President said rehousing in decency those four million urban families would cost $40 billion; that's about 18 months' spending on Vietnam. Senator Clark says that the war on poverty is spending $57 on each of the 35 million impoverished Americans, and that the war in Vietnam is costing $1,500 for each South Vietnamese. Senator Percy similarly accuses the Administration of assigning priority to 16 million South Vietnamese over 20 million American urban poor who, Percy says, live in squalor in the midst of the most affluent society that the world has ever known.

Only thing wrong with Percy's diagnosis is that many or most of the 16 million South Vietnamese feel like poor Negroes who have been bulldozed, and wish to heaven we got off their backs. We should.



Near Miss

On August 1, the 11 a.m. Eastern Airlines shuttle from Washington's National Airport to New York was making its landing approach at La Guardia Airport when suddenly the plane turned sharply to the left and dived toward Manhattan. The passengers thought it was curtains, but the pilot pulled out of the dive, and on regaining some altitude came on the public address system to say they had just missed being hit by a small private plane, which according to the pilot, had wandered into the commercial airways.

This example is not unusual; there are an estimated 50 near misses between planes each month, and this is reckoned to be a conservative figure. In part the answer to the air congestion problem is to get the small private planes away from the busy commercial airports.

But the government is loath to do this. Instead, it seems intent on supporting the expansion and maintenance of the 200,000 private planes in this "rich man's" private fleet at the expense, both in terms of money and lives, of the millions of people who ride on the 2,000 commercial airliners.

Last week, for instance, Alan Boyd, the Transportation Secretary, was before the Senate Appropriations Committee proposing that a tax of $1 to $2 be levied on each airline passenger in order to support the cost of expanding airports. He estimates this would bring in up to $220 million a year.

If any tax is to be levied on the airline business, it properly ought to be put on the rich man's private fleet. As things are now, a small private plane can land at Washington National Airport free, and park overnight for $2, which is what it costs to park a car there. Landing fees for the small jets owned by corporations run 15 cents per thousand pounds. (A small Lear jet, a plane commonly used by business executives costs $1.87 to land.) Parking costs another $6 overnight.

By contrast, a commercial airline pays a landing fee of about 30 cents for each one thousand pounds (this would be about $40 for a 727).

The cost of operating the nation's airports and air traffic control systems runs to about $600 million a year: the bulk of this is borne by the taxpayers or airline passengers through ticket purchases. In many of the big airports, the small private planes account for two-thirds of the business; they pay next to nothing.

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Revolution or Reform On the Black Left

In 1831 Nat Turner, a Baptist minister and a black man, led a slave rebellion in Southampton County, Virginia. Turner had planned to lead a few adherents to Jerusalem, the county seat, and on the way to accumulate more followers and wreak homicidal, Old Testament revenge on the white oppressors. In Jerusalem they would capture guns and ammunition, and proceed to the Great Dismal Swamp where they would find refuge and a kingdom.

The revolt failed. After picking up 60 recruits and killing upwards of 50 whites, the rebels were dispersed by the militia a mile or two short of Jerusalem. Turner and 15 others were hanged; rampaging white vigilantes killed 200 innocent black people; the antislavery forces in the Virginia legislature were permanently silenced. In 1835 the newly recast Liberty Bell, which had never successfully rung, cracked for the second time.

Is this a parable for our times? In some ways obviously not. While Nat Turner's men took a large number of whites to glory with them, black men and women in the ghettos have been largely the victims of the modern technology of state violence: 31 out of 34 fatalities in Watts were black, 18 out of 23 in Newark, a similar ratio in Detroit. Unlike Turner's revolt, the ghetto rebellions have been protests against a new improved property system which still includes blacks only as inventory: whites do not own slaves anymore, they rent them. Finally, the 1831 rebellion was organized and led by one man, Nat Turner, while the contemporary urban conflagrations are examples of spontaneous combustion.

The revolutionaries and the reactionaries, however, have a common interest in exaggerating the degree of organized violence: the reactionaries the better to repress the scapegoats and thus improve their political fortunes, the revolutionaries the better to radicalize the masses and, of course, improve *their* political fortunes. Suddenly Ron Karenga, leader of a tiny band known as US, is quoted in the national press as leader of a mysterious and fearful "Watts group." San Francisco's Black Panther Party for Self-Defense makes *The New York Times Magazine*. The Revolutionary Action Movement is defended by SNCC's Rap Brown who, along with Stokely Carmichael, is now taking a revolutionary line, if press reports are to be believed.

Both these revolutionaries and the more militant reformers sit at the feet of the martyred Malcolm X. Although at the end of his life he had rejected separatism and racism (understood as a matter of color rather than social structure), Malcolm remained the laser-like critic of slave morality. For Malcolm, the South was everything south of the Canadian border, America was a colonial power, and the doctrine of nonviolence was an inhibitor of the achievement of black manhood. His rejection of nonviolence and his recommendation of self-defense and black vigilantes were intended less as a political program than as a spiritual purgative for the black community. It is difficult for whites, secure and affluent, matter-of-fact and positivistic, to understand the function of symbols for an oppressed people. Thus, black power was originally interpreted by whites as separatism and revolutionary violence, and the urban jacqueries have made whites feel fearful and cornered when they in fact hold all the trump cards. Because apartheid is a fact (and not a program) and the races simply do not know each other as men, a militant black inspires all the existential terror associated with a UFO sighting.

Malcolm also tentatively identified racism with capitalism, insisted on black economics, black political parties, and if necessary black armies, and attempted to internationalize the American race issue. At the time of his death Malcolm was not a committed revolutionary although he did not rule out the possibility. The primary objective, he thought, was to unite the black community by whatever means, while he affirmed that "perhaps American whites can be cured of the rampant racism which is consuming them and about to destroy this country."

For a more definite program, black revolutionaries have turned to Frantz Fanon's *Les Damnés de la Terre*, translated into English as *The Wretched of the Earth*. Like the French syndicalist George Sorel, Fanon – the fighter against French colonialism in Algeria – celebrates the cathartic and recreative process of revolutionary violence: "The practice of violence binds them (the oppressed people) together as a whole, since each individual forms a violent link in the revolutionary chain, a part of the great organism of violence which has surged upwards in reaction to the settler's violence in the beginning."

For his substantive analysis, however, Fanon takes a Marxist line with certain modifications to accommodate the capitalism-racism connection ("you are white because you are rich, you are rich because you are white"). The antidote to the racist capitalism of Western, white nations is revolutionary socialism in the underdeveloped countries, built by an alliance of the peasant masses and the intelligentsia. While Malcolm wanted to internationalize the American black man's struggle by taking the issue to the United Nations (a proposal adopted by Leroi Jones in his Newark statement), Fanon adds that the light nations owe the dark nations "reparations" for former colonial repression. Mao, Fidel and Ché, of course, go Fanon one

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better. They speak of guerrilla warfare and armed struggle by the poorer socialist nations and oppressed peoples against the wealthy capitalist countries. This is the line which Stokely Carmichael is apparently taking now.

There are not a few flaws in this analysis, which has now been taken over by a number of black revolutionaries in this country. The international solidarity of oppressed dark-skinned peoples which is designed to offset black people's minority status in this country is largely public rhetoric, suitable for conferences in plush hotels. Third-World revolutions are, after all, *nationalist* revolutions which militate against formidable international coordination. This solvent has already neutralized the vision of African unity. And while Stokely and Walt Rostow may take "Castroism" seriously, the guerrillas in Guatemala, Peru and several other Latin American countries are small splinter groups, which do not enjoy the support of indigenous communist parties much less the peasantry, and have not grown noticeably stronger in the last five years.

It would also behoove black revolutionaries to note the significant differences between underdeveloped and developed countries. The Batista regime, which Castro overthrew, was both inefficient and unpopular. The US government is all too efficient and corporate capitalism delivers the goods, if nothing else, for most of the American people. Consequently, most people – minus some hippies, students and black people – will fight for it even in marginal areas such as Vietnam.

But the revolutionaries have some things going for them. While economic and de jure equality assists what W. E. B. Du Bois called the "Talented Tenth," it does nothing for what Gunnar Myrdal has termed the "underclass." Left out of the expanding productive process, this class has not been increasing in percentage terms but it has grown in absolute terms into millions. And it is black and concentrated in the central city. Moreover, the jobs created by technology are skilled jobs, not available to an expanding population of ghetto youth. According to the national technology commission, the unemployment rate among the nonwhite population, now twice the white rate, could become *five times* the white rate by 1975, if the occupational distribution of nonwhite jobs does not change.

In a country of hundreds of millions where even essential industry and services are moving out of the central city, this technological trend does not mean revolution although it certainly means mass urban violence. The notion of four percent "acceptable" unemployment (quite apart from the condition of those who are employed) is a basis for accusations of "racist capitalism." But, what if the government became the "employer of last resort" as Daniel Moynihan has suggested? Then the black revolutionaries would surely have to come to terms with the essential question of what difference socialism makes in a *developed*, technological society. Is it capitalism which disenfranchises or is it technology *per se*? If the former, what has happened to the Soviet Union, which is elitist and repressive, which is more interested in its trade relations with the Colombian government than in the Colombian rebels and which sells guns to South Africa? Urban violence may be the only means of effective protest for people who are outside the productive process and therefore have no lever of power. But a *revolution* based on people outside the productive process is not Marx's notion of a proletarian revolution or a Maoist peasant variation. It is a revolution based on a lumpen proletariat with all the implied risks of nihilism. All that is left of the Marxism-Leninism is the Leninism, the technique, without the analysis or values of Marxism. In the style of Lenin, Fanon said that "truth is the property of the national cause" and already black revolutionaries exaggerate the sufficiently dismal truth and justify any form of violence as essentially "self-defense." No one considers that out of the elitism of the revolutionary cell is likely to grow only an elitist social system. It is possible for revolution to be less than reform.

Against the Leninist approach, Albert Camus said, "Does the end justify the means? That is possible. But what will justify the end? To that question which historic thought leaves pending, rebellion replies: the means." Such a notion does not foreclose the perception that the riots have shaken the wall of ignorance separating the suburbs and the central city. (Now some of the politicians are calling for a "domestic Marshall Plan.") But the Camus approach does suggest the advisability of limits, of revolution emanating from the bottom, of a truly dialectical rather than apocalyptic social change. It recommends itself to the black power militants who wish to build new social structures such as cooperatives, community corporations and independent political units, neighborhood-controlled schools, and civilian review boards into the black community. These could serve not only to empower black people but also to bring about eventual change in the social structure of the nation. It would also be the function of CORE and other militant organizations to ensure that the Marshall Planners (should they ever materialize) be primarily black Thurgood Marshalls rather than white George Catlett Marshalls. In sum, black power should be developed into a novel technique suitable to unique conditions rather than into a stale and derivative version of Leninism and its variants. As Camus said, "To conquer existence, we must start from the small amount of existence which we find in ourselves and not deny it from the very beginning."

MICHAEL MILES

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Caged Liberals

There's a growing feeling on Capitol Hill that the typical young man in the ranks of the Democratic Study Group (DSG) has been trapped. What a contrast from two years ago! In the golden summer of 1965, DSGers helped the leadership marshal votes to pass an unending stream of legislation. This summer the DSG is helping the leadership fight a rearguard action to prevent programs being cut up in an atmosphere heavy with reactionary racial overtones. DSG's fate today points up its self-imposed limitations, just as its successes two summers ago accentuated how thoroughly it had done its homework. Three things stand out:

► Revival of the unholy alliance between Dixiecrats and conservative Republicans, making it impossible for DSGers to help effect a good many of the positive programs they helped the leadership pass two summers ago, that were designed to cure the sickness that breeds riots in the Northern ghettos.

► Inability of the DSG to speak out as a group on Vietnam, except with the most careful restraint lest the broad consensus upon which it has built its power be shattered.

► The fact that the DSG has chosen to play backstop for a party leadership that is left over from an earlier generation and has only an awkward feel for the growing legions of younger voters.

So, while the twin torments of the sixties – the civil rights revolution and the war in Vietnam – continue to debilitate the Democratic Party at the grassroots, the most effective and influential group of liberals the House has known in modern times finds itself boxed.

The DSG's basic decision was to play the game by the clubby, tradition-ridden rules of the institution whenever possible. There is merit in this. Personality has a big role in the House. A small cluster of "liberal" gadflies would only be an annoyance to the men on top, not a force to be reckoned with in the day-by-day operation. Over the last decade, the DSG has effectively supplemented the party's leadership in the House. Its research effort fills the wide gap between what the Democratic leadership offered, and the heavily-financed, well-staffed Republican operation headed by Rep. Bob Wilson of California. DSG's program is aimed both at informing members of important points in pending legislation, and providing a raft of material for a liberal seeking to unseat a Republican. DSG even found a modest amount of cash for some of its favorite liberals in the last two elections.

In its early years, DSG made the leadership a bit nervous. But, as it became apparent it was filled with loyal troops not trigger-happy aspirants for top party posts, a comfortable relationship developed: DSG members would supplant today's leadership only by the process of attrition. But the decision to backstop the leadership also put DSG somewhat at the leaders' mercy, and many DSG members confide that the leadership is hopelessly out of touch with the great changes going on among voters, particularly those under 30.

The whole problem is personified by Speaker John McCormack. His chief virtue is loyalty. He has built a long political career on this quality, serving for decades under the guidance of four Democratic Presidents and as many party leaders in the House. Once the marching orders come down, he acts with dispatch and has some ability in mustering his forces. But this kind of loyalty precludes the kind of bargaining with the White House that many DSG members see as very necessary with Lyndon Baines Johnson in residence there. The saddest example is 1966.

In the fall of last year, it was apparent that over 100 Democratic congressmen, dozens of them freshmen, were in trouble and needed to be home by Labor Day. But the White House wouldn't give the signal for Congress to wrap things up and go home. Speaker McCormack's virtue of loyalty meant that hard bargaining on that point was out of the question. It probably cost the Democrats at least 10 to 15 seats.

Also, the Speaker's district in South Boston, where ward politics still hold sway, is no longer even remotely typical of the Northern constituencies most DSG members serve. This is critical when combined with McCormack's limited national and international exposure. The Speaker seldom travels, doesn't stump the country for his party, probably hasn't set foot in 90 percent of the districts in the country.

The typical DSG member is an issue-oriented fourth termer from a mixed constituency (labor, rural, suburban and minority components). He faces a serious problem if his party's leadership doesn't understand the political currents in his area. Examples are the DSG chairman, Rep. James O'Hara (D, Mich.); Rep. Morris Udall (D, Ariz.); Rep. John Brademas (D, Ind.).

There is no thought of trying to unseat Speaker McCormack, although more than a few feel that the work load is too heavy for him. Many DSG members represent districts controlled by old-line machines, in such areas as Chicago, Brooklyn and Philadelphia, and would not support such a move. DSG *has*, however, challenged some of the traditions Speaker McCormack and his predecessor, the late Speaker Sam Rayburn, held sacred. It forced Rayburn to agree to an enlargement of the House Rules Committee early in the decade, to ensure a flow of liberal legislation to the floor. It rounded up the votes to discipline Reps. John Bell Williams and Albert Watson in the Democratic caucus, after they openly supported Barry Goldwater in 1964. In these efforts, DSG had solid support from Washington's powerful "liberal establishment," that coali-

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tion of labor, ADA, farm, consumer, civil rights and church groups whose representatives flood the corridors to lobby members when a crucial vote is coming up before the House.

Nothing DSG can do will change what Representative Udall calls the "No. 1 cold fact" of the 90th Congress; namely, that the revived Dixiecrat-Republican coalition can work its will at any time. It is one of the ironies of politics that a group which played such a key role in the enactment of all the major civil rights and social legislation of the decade now finds itself helpless when a rash of riots in the major urban centers of the North points up the need to implement with adequate funds these same programs.

The racial overtones in the House are not just a reaction to Newark and Detroit. The riots may harden the attitudes of many members. But the racial cast was there already, when Congress, mirroring the exasperation of the white middle class, voted to deny Adam Clayton Powell his seat instead of stripping him of his committee power and turning his case over to a select committee, as most of the DSG members hoped to do. The public did not find out how strong the overtones were until a giggly coalition of Dixiecrats and Republicans refused even to let Congress consider a two-year, $40-million rat extermination bill. But it has been happening right along. In late March, the same coalition deleted $185,000 from the Treasury Department's appropriations, the bulk of it earmarked to hire 10 men to check federal depository banks to make certain they were living up to the equal employment opportunity rules. This didn't involve riots or the personal excesses of Adam Clayton Powell.

The GOP performance has been a disappointment. Less than a year ago, voters sent to Washington several dozen attractive young men, reputedly pragmatic in outlook, to swell the GOP ranks. There were assurances the GOP wasn't interested in reviving the coalition but, instead, would offer what Rep. Gerald Ford, the party's leader in Congress, called "responsible conservatism." In practice, this has turned out to be the same old vote for recommittal. The "New Breed" of Republicans in the House has had to content itself with issuing press releases on suggested alternatives that then die quietly, because the GOP's partners in the coalition, the Dixiecrats with their fistful of committee chairmanships, have no intention of breaking new ground under any label.

DSGers can only help the leadership salvage as much as possible, and put out a few brush fires along the way. This appears to be the extent of DSG's role in the 90th Congress, a prospect that leaves a good many of its members restless. It hardly seems like enough during the summer of 1967.

What are the alternatives? There is some talk of pioneering in political philosophy, of getting involved in the crucial foreign policy issues of the day, particularly Vietnam. But there are hazards in this. DSG's role, or really lack of a role, in the dialogue on Vietnam illustrates the problem that DSG's leadership would have to cope with if a serious effort were made to pioneer in any field. Thus far, DSG's policy on Vietnam has been to exercise a self-restraint so severe it has hardly been noticed in the outside world. The rationale is obvious. Having made its initial decision to build a broad consensus and deploy its troops as backup for the leadership, DSG would forfeit the support it has from a number of border state moderates, such as Rep. Ed Edmondson (D, Okla.), and might endanger the pleasant dialogue it has with younger Southern members. To step out against the war in Vietnam would shatter the consensus. Despite growing antiwar feeling in Congress and around the country, it is doubtful if anywhere near a majority of DSG members would be willing to take such a stand. It is unthinkable for most of DSG's core of able young leaders, at least a half dozen of whom – O'Hara, Udall, Brademas and Frank Thompson (D, N.J.) included – are prospects for a leadership post whenever an opening may occur.

One result is that about a dozen DSG members with pronounced anti-Vietnam and civil rights views, most of them either out of California's club movement (Phil Burton and Don Edwards) or from the metropolitan New York City area (William Fitts Ryan and John Dow) have been conferring quietly. It came about quite naturally, when they discovered the same people were rushing from one office to another for a couple of emergency strategy get-togethers, on the House Un-American Activities Committee (which they oppose) and the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (which they support). They began meeting irregularly and informally. They don't have a name, they don't pay dues and there is no membership roster. But they bear some resemblance to "McCarthy's Mavericks" of the mid-fifties, the group out of which DSG evolved a few years later.

Informal as it is, the group represents a type of liberalism in the ascendancy in upper-middle-class intellectual circles and among some minority groups. DSG, after backstopping the leadership under self-imposed limitations for a half dozen years, has become an integral part of the Democratic establishment in Washington. Its leaders confer with cabinet officers and White House staffers on mutual problems. Its research director during most of its first decade, Bill Phillips, now serves the Democratic National Committee in a similar capacity. It is trusted by the House leadership. And its members feel trapped.

PAUL WIECK

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Pot Britannica

The All-Time High

London

The drug situation in Britain is now in total public disarray. Sentences imposed on two of the Rolling Stones came unstuck, one Beatle – Paul McCartney – has entered the lists in favor of LSD, and all four Beatles along with 60 other notables and semi-notables have petitioned in the *Times* for marijuana to be legalized. For the opposition, as it were, a Dr. Abel, who runs a National Association for Drug Addiction, has suggested that the communists are mixed up in it all somehow, and lady columnists keep screaming at parents to beware.

The daily press has had a marvelous time, especially with the Stones case. A February house raid led to Mick Jagger being prosecuted for having four pep pills in his possession, and Keith Richard, whose home it was, charged with allowing marijuana to be smoked. It turned out Jagger's doctor knew about the pep pills, and though he had not actually prescribed them – Jagger got them in Italy – his knowledge was enough to get Jagger a conditional discharge. There was a nude in the case; at least, she wore a fur rug, but at one point, she threw it off, saying, "Look, they want to search me," and the court concluded this meant she was high on pot. The Lord Chief Justice, quashing Richard's 12-month sentence, concluded on the contrary that she was being sarcastic.

After the teen-agers had had their swoon, Jagger was flown by helicopter to a walled country house to say his piece to the public. His beaming inquisitors were a Roman Catholic priest, the Anglican Bishop of Woolwich, a former Home Secretary, and the editor of the *Times*. The resulting television program must rank among the all-time nonsenses. The sight of these four just men fawning on a pop idol was condemned by one critic as "obscene had it not been so absurd." The *Times* was well aboard the bandwagon with its strategically placed ad for legalizing marijuana, whose signatories included two MPs, 15 doctors, a monk, Graham Greene and the Beatles. They want smoking of cannabis on private premises made legal, possession punishable by at most a $30 fine in the first instance – not the current permitted penalties of 10 years' imprisonment and $3,000 – and the sentences on those currently in prison commuted. The ad cost around $5,000, and was organized by an American, Steve Abrams, who operates an organization called SOMA, which examines the effects of pleasure-giving drugs.

Paul McCartney "confessed" he had taken LSD, and said it brought him nearer to God. It seemed that the progressives had all the running and the barriers against pot and LSD were cracking. Then into the breach stepped Home Secretary Roy Jenkins' deputy, Alice Bacon. "I was in the hairdresser's yesterday and a copy of the magazine *Queen* was passed to me to while away the time while I was under the hair drier. There was an article in it called 'The Love Generation,' and statements from various people who are pop singers and managers of pop groups. I was horrified by some of the things . . . in it." Horrified in particular by Paul McCartney sounding off again about LSD and the deity. Miss Bacon could find solace in only one contribution, that from another singer, who sings under the name Lulu. "Love," said Lulu, "is far older than pop, and goes right back to Jesus. I am a believer."

On the one side, the Beatles, the Stones, the *Times* signatories, marijuana and LSD; on the other, Lulu, and Miss Bacon. It hardly seems a fair lineup. But there was a sleeper in the pack. The government had just heard of STP, the three-day trip drug. It had one pill in its possession, and was making urgent inquiries about it, both in Britain and in the United States. Where had the drug come from? Why, from Mr. Steve Abrams, poacher turned gamekeeper, who was helping the government find out about it.

The groups in this argument exist for each other, in a Jean Genet dependency. Miss Bacon, the Association for Drug Addiction, and the press need the Beatles, the Stones and, of course, Mr. Abrams, for inspiration and for information; the Beatles, the Stones, and Mr. A need Miss Bacon, the Association, and the press for publicity and attention. Meantime, those who want a quiet smoke and a trip get on with it; those who don't, don't. The real sufferers are the real junkies; the old system whereby they got supplies from the local doctor is being scrapped in favor of attendance at so-called "treatment centers" allied to hospitals, but the treatment centers are not ready, and the hospitals are shy of them anyway. For the sake of tidiness and apparent control, a humane system is being dismantled. And as a hostage to drug hysteria, too.

Brian Wenham

Death Penalty Litigation

For some years now it has been happily apparent that capital punishment was on its way out in the United States, as it was in most of the Western world. Thirteen states had either restricted capital punishment to a small class of quite special cases, or abolished it al-

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together. In the federal jurisdiction, the official position of the Department of Justice, conveyed to Congress by Attorney General Ramsey Clark while serving as deputy attorney general, has been in favor of abolition. Even in states where capital punishment still formally existed, scarcely any executions took place, owing to the (evidently systematic) exercise of executive clemency. There was in the United States one execution in 1966.

More recently, however, the trend has been reversed in two important states with respect to the exercise of executive clemency. Governor Ronald Reagan of California and Governor Claude R. Kirk Jr. of Florida – both no softies, they tell the world – ran on law enforcement platforms, and they propose to let "justice" be done. California has already had two executions this year. (There has been one in Colorado as well.) There have been no more in California and none in Florida, because the movement for abolition has shifted to the judicial forum, and has achieved there an initial success.

The judiciary, in modern times, has always acted as something of a brake on capital punishment, for it was often in death cases that criminal procedure was subjected to the most rigorous judicial scrutiny. It has been in death cases very frequently also that reforms in criminal procedure received their initial formulation. Death cases heighten judicial sensitivity, not unnaturally, and an ingenious argument of opponents of capital punishment – effective in some quarters, one may suppose – is that judges might not be so intent on the observance of every last procedural nicety, if they were not conscious that every so often what hangs in the balance for the defendant is not a term in prison terminable by parole, but life itself.

Now the judiciary is being asked to take a more direct look at the constitutionality of capital punishment – as such. The contention is that under present conditions, given the little bit more that we know now about the nature of crime and the possibilities of deterring it – not a whole lot more than was known a century ago, perhaps, but something, anyway – and given the consistent trend toward limitation and abolition of capital punishment throughout the Western civilized world, the execution of criminals by the state should be considered a cruel and unusual punishment forbidden by the Eighth and Fourteenth Amendments.

Short of this ultimate contention, it is argued also that capital punishment, even if constitutionally acceptable in principle, is unconstitutional as actually administered in most jurisdictions. First, the argument goes, jurors who admit to scruples against capital punishment are generally challenged by the prosecution, with the result that where the question of the death penalty is left to the jury, the decision is largely predetermined against the defendant. Second, state statutes commonly prescribe no standards for the imposition of the death penalty; they give no indication, however broad, of the kind of aggravated circumstances in which the legislature wishes the infliction of this ultimate sanction to be considered. The matter is left entirely in the discretion of juries or judges. This sort of total freedom to decide, without benefit of authoritative guidelines formulated by the popularly elected institutions, is frowned on by our law in other contexts. It should be in this one, too.

The litigation presenting these arguments is being conducted principally by the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, whose interest is explained in part by the fact that a disproportionate number of persons sentenced to death in the United States are Negroes. There are persuasive data showing that in rape cases the disproportionate (to the percentage they constitute of the general population) number of Negroes sentenced to die is no mere reflection of other well-known disproportions in statistics about Negroes – such as unemployment, drug addiction, inferior education, homelessness and the like. It seems probable that in some states the death sentence in rape cases is pretty well reserved for Negroes convicted of raping a white woman. The claim that juries systematically discriminate against Negroes in this fashion is central to an Arkansas case which the NAACP Legal Defense Fund lost in the federal district court there, but in which the Supreme Court, in a very unusual action this winter, ordered an appeal heard by the appropriate federal appellate court, quite possibly with a view eventually to hearing the case itself.

Aside from the foot it has managed to insert in the door of the Arkansas case, the Legal Defense Fund in two other litigations has succeeded in stopping all executions in California and Florida, where the governors stand ready to resume them, while the various contentions mentioned above are presented to the federal courts, including perhaps the Supreme Court. The Arkansas case may be won, if it is at all, on the more limited point about racial discrimination in rape cases. Even so, it would have considerable effect in a number of states. In the California and Florida cases it is not likely that a flat and total declaration can be obtained that capital punishment is unconstitutional. But even if those cases are won on the basis of the other, relatively narrower arguments made in them, the consequences would be great and widespread. The end of capital punishment would have been achieved almost as surely and effectively as by a broader and more categorical judgment of its unconstitutionality. And that would be something to be proud of.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

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Watch That Hamburger

by Ralph Nader

The latest hearing by the House agriculture subcommittee on various meat inspection bills brought out as many facts as a seance. One by one, the three major trade associations and their faithful comrade in arms, the National Association of State Departments of Agriculture (NASDA), came before Rep. Graham Purcell's subcommittee to pooh the bills down as unnecessary, undesirable and unreasonable.

The principal issue posed by the bills is whether to bring under federal inspection those plants which operate within state boundaries and produce 25 percent of all processed meat consumed in this country – nearly eight billion pounds. To the meat industry trade groups, there are no grounds for alarm. Americans, as every envious foreigner must know, can buy meat with confidence, knowing, in the words of L. Blaine Liljenquist, president of the Western States Meat Packers Association, "that it is the safest, cleanest and most wholesome in the world." Americans are in a meat-consuming Valhalla, according to industry groups which gave the appearance that they had come up to the House to describe the obvious in an exercise of public service tautology.

Both the trade groups and NASDA avoided any description of actual conditions in intrastate plants – the lurking *raison d'etre* behind the Administration's proposed legislation. Aled P. Davies, vice president of the American Meat Institute disposed of the matter by observing that the state meat inspection programs "have provided the kind of consumer protection in the various states that the people living in those states have thought necessary and have been willing to pay for."

Somewhat jolted by such a suave tour de force, Rep. Thomas Foley (D, Wash.) initiated this exchange with Mr. Davies.

Foley: "Do you think that I, traveling as an American citizen coming from someplace else, have any complaint if I am injured or made ill by tainted meat in that state?" [Meaning one of the states without even a nominal inspection law.]

Davies: "No more than the citizens of that state have."

Foley: "Can you tell me a good way to determine what is interstate and what is intrastate in a hamburger?"

Davies: "Ask to see the package from where it came."

Foley: "But you are a great deal more skilled in knowing what you are doing than most citizens."

Davies: "I can smell."

It is quite clear from surveys of intrastate plants by the US Department of Agriculture (finally made public after four years of privacy) that Mr. Davies has underestimated the chemical ingenuity of some of his constituents.

A survey of conditions in Delaware records: "In addition to the very grave and urgent problem posed by the distribution of food derived from diseased animals, the attached report details extremely bad and revolting dirty food-handling methods without any regard for rudimentary sanitation. Rodents and insects, in fact any vermin, had free access to stored meats and meat products ingredients. Hand-washing lavatories were absent or inadequate. Dirty meats contaminated by animal hair, the contents of the animal's digestive tract, sawdust, flies, rodents and the filthy hands, tools and clothing of food handlers, were finely ground and mixed with seasonings and preservatives. These mixtures are distributed as ground meat products, frankfurters, sausages and bolognas. *Due to the comminuting process and seasoning of these products, most of the adulterations could not be detected by the consumer.*" (Emphasis added.)

These USDA state surveys covered 48 states. It did not matter very much whether mandatory, voluntary or no inspection laws prevailed for intrastate plants. The conditions described by veteran USDA inspectors were repeated with revolting consistency in state after state. In fact, so overwhelming is the impact of these eyewitness accounts that the Department of Agriculture and the House committee have shown little desire in having their contents displayed before the public. Consumer skepticism may adversely affect the volume and type of meat products sold, it was believed. Senator Walter Mondale (D, Minn.) saw it another way. On Aug. 3, he read excerpts from the surveys directly into the *Congressional Record* to illustrate the need for his bill to bring all intrastate plants under the federal meat inspection service.

Last month Rep. Purcell asked the Department of Agriculture to make a new survey to see if conditions in the intrastate plants have changed. Most of the reports are now in from the field. An Agriculture Department official admitted that there were some

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changes. The rodents and vermin were not the same, he commented; their descendants, however, were actively pursuing their daily rounds. Otherwise, the general situation remained unchanged.

The temptation open to intrastate operators to peddle "4D" (dead, dying, disabled and diseased animals) meat, suitably masked by antibiotics, preservative and seasoning agents, is continuous. Even plants under federal meat inspection find their owners reluctant to dispose of substandard inventory. Federal inspectors condemned and destroyed about 250 million pounds of meat and meat products last year because of disease, spoilage or contamination.

There is a competitive advantage in "4D" meat over more wholesome meat that has attracted not only marginal operators but also some of the larger meat packing firms in the country. A kind of meat industry's "Gresham's Law" operates here, with cheaply purchased "bad" meat driving out "good" meat.

The Department of Agriculture's surveys included reports of conditions at plants owned by Swift, Armour, Wilson & Co. which operate only within state boundaries. Swift refuses to divulge how many of its plants are not under federal inspection. The company says that 90 percent of its processing is federally inspected, however. The industry likes to speak in percentage terms because the absolute tonnage of non-federally inspected meat products has been growing. In 1966, 4.9 billion pounds of slaughtered meat were not federally inspected, compared with 4.3 billion pounds in 1950. Yet, with few exceptions, the large meat packers are against extending federal inspection.

The near unanimous opposition by industry and state officials to a strengthened federal meat inspection law has persuaded the majority of Representative Purcell's subcommittee against provisions extending federal inspection to intrastate plants. Chairman Purcell personally wanted a strong bill in this respect. His mind was changed by Rep. William Robert Poage, the iron-willed chairman of the House Agriculture Committee. Representative Poage is completing his thirty-first year in Congress – a period of time that has given him ample leverage over his junior Texas colleagues.

The Agriculture Committee reported out a bill last week without dealing with the intrastate problem in any meaningful way. There is no federal inspection of intrastate plants which in 14 states account for over 40 percent of the meat slaughtered. The committee's bill will have competition when it reaches the floor of the House shortly. Rep. Neal Smith (D, Iowa) and Rep. Thomas Foley (D, Wash.) are offering an alternative bill which would bring all intrastate plants with gross sales over $250,000 under federal inspection.

The meat industry, fearful of a growing consumer backlash, has decided that the committee's bill should be pushed through Congress fast. Such success is not a foregone conclusion. Particularly if the Department of Agriculture makes publicly known, what it has been saying privately, that it favors the Smith-Foley approach above its own proposal put before Congress earlier this year before events swept it by.

Interns' Dissent

Congressional interns – the 1,300 collegians who spend a summer as legislators' aides – are supposed to be seen and not heard. This year's eager crop, however, shook up Capitol Hill. Five rattled off a letter to President Johnson protesting the Vietnam war and sought other interns' signatures. Rep. Robert Michel (R, Ill.) denounced the youths on the House floor and tried to link them to organized subversion and local "agitators."

The group is independent and its initiative was spontaneous. Their letter is in part an attempt to answer Mr. Johnson's Baltimore speech calling dissent the province of the "cussers and the doubters."

"Our presence here this summer," the letter argues, "evidences our desire to be the 'doers and builders' of whom you spoke. Yet, although we are anxious to build a greater nation and a healthier world, we fear that our actions in Vietnam are detracting from the achievement of these goals."

Iowa Republican John Kyl wrote to the summer underlings, "You are here to study and to learn, and to perform whatever service the member may ask you to perform. The intern program is not a political convention and it is not a forum for the propounding of your own political, economic or social philosophy." Some congressmen advised their interns to sign a counter-letter supporting the war.

The congressional reaction to the anti-Vietnam letter, now signed by 130, has soured many of the interns on government work, at the very time they're supposed to be enthused. (One House staffer says the intern program is designed to "grab them when they're young, get them all fired up with the legislative process, and you stand a chance of getting them later on when they're through school.") "It's disgusting," said Art Kaminsky, an intern with Rep. Herbert Tenzer of Long Island, "congressmen stifling legitimate, polite, responsible dissent." The New York youth who is vice president of Cornell's student government calls the congressmen "a secure, elitist clique for whom a notion of dialogue just doesn't exist."

The intern program is meant to be educational. The interns have learned that dissent from policy is dangerous and the congressmen have learned that some of their best constituents are dissenters over Vietnam.

SETH S. GOLDSCHLAGER

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Schools for Children

What's Happening in British Classrooms

by Joseph Featherstone

My wife and I have just spent a month in England visiting classes in primary schools, talking to children and teachers. Friends told us about good things happening in British classrooms, but we were scarcely prepared for what we found; in recent decades there has been a profound and sweeping revolution in English primary education, involving new ways of thinking about how young children learn, classroom organization, the curriculum and the role of the teacher. We saw schools in some good local educational authorities: Bristol, Nottingham, Leicestershire, Oxfordshire and a few serving immigrant areas in cities like London.

In the first part of what follows, I'm going to be as specific as I can about how classes work in a good English school, how the room is laid out, what sort of things are in it, how the teacher and the children spend the day and, in some detail, how a child learns to read, as an example of the kind of learning that goes on. I know that teachers in this country, particularly good ones, are rightly suspicious of most talk on education, because so little of what they hear ever relates to actual classroom practice. I hope I can be specific enough. The relevance of these classrooms to us is another, more difficult question which I'll leave for later. I don't have any easy answers.

Primary schools divide into "infant" and "junior" schools. Much of this report will focus on the infant schools, which take children from the age of five to seven, and in some authorities eight. (As in Israel, children begin compulsory schooling at the early age of five in England.) It is in the infant schools that people learn to read and write and to work with numbers. Junior schools take children from seven or eight to 11, when they go on to secondary school. Infant and junior schools sometimes occupy the same building, and some authorities – Oxfordshire, for example – have a policy of putting them together in one unit, like an American elementary school.

It is important to understand that what goes on in the good infant schools is much the same. The approach is similar, though the quality of teaching and children's work varies greatly.

Westfield Infant School is a one-story structure, like any of a thousand American buildings, on a working-class housing estate in Leicestershire. If you arrive early, you find a number of children already inside, reading, writing, painting, playing music, tending to pets. Teachers sift in slowly, and begin working with students. Apart from a religious assembly (required by English law) it's hard to say just when school actually begins, because there is very little organized activity for a whole class to do together. The puzzled visitor sees some small group work in mathematics ("maths") or reading, but mostly children are on their own, moving about and talking quite freely. The teacher sometimes sits at her desk, and the children flock to her for consultations, but more often she moves about the room, advising on projects, listening to children read, asking questions, giving words, talking, sometimes prodding.

The hallways, which are about the size of those in our schools, are filled with busy children, displays of paintings and graphs, a play grocery store where children use play money and learn to count, easels, tables for collections of shells and plants, workbenches on which to pound and hammer nails and boards, big wooden boxes full of building blocks.

Classrooms open out onto the playground, which is also much in use. A contingent of children is kneeling on the grass, clocking the speed of a tortoise, which they want to graph against the speeds of other pets and people. Nearby are five-year-olds, finishing an intricate, tall tower of blocks, triumphantly counting as they add the last one, "23, 24." A solitary boy is mixing powders for paint; on a large piece of paper attached to an easel, with very big strokes, he makes an ominous, stylized building that seems largely to consist of black shutters framing deep red windows. "It's the hospital where my brother is," he explains, and pulls the visitor over to the class-library corner, where a picture book discusses hospitals. He can't read it yet (he's five), but says he is trying. And he is; he can make out a number of words, some pretty hard, on different pages, and it is clear that he has been *studying* the book, because he wants badly to know about hospitals. At another end of the hall there is a quieter

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library nook for the whole school. Here two small boys are reading aloud; the better reader is, with indifferent grace, correcting the grateful slower boy as he stumbles over words.

The rooms are fairly noisy – more noisy than many American teachers or principals would allow – because children can talk freely. Sometimes the teacher has to ask for quiet. With as many as 40 in some classes, rooms are crowded and accidents happen. Paint spills, a tub overflows, there are recriminations. Usually the children mop up and work resumes.

The visitor is dazed by the amount and variety and fluency of the free writing produced: stories, free-verse poems, with intricate images, precise accounts of experiments in "maths" and, finally, looking over a tiny little girl's shoulder, he finds: "Today we had visitors from America. . . ."

After a time, you overcome your confusion at the sheer variety of it all, and you begin making more definite observations. The physical layout of the classrooms is markedly different from ours. American teachers are coming to appreciate the importance of a flexible room, but even in good elementary schools this usually means having movable, rather than fixed, desks. In these classes there are no individual desks, and no assigned places. Around the room (which is about the size of one of ours) there are different tables for different kinds of activities: art, water and sand play, number work. (The number tables have all kinds of number lines – strips of paper with numbers marked on them in sequence on which children learn to count and reason mathematically – beads, buttons and odd things to count; weights and balances; dry and liquid measures; and a rich variety of apparatus for learning basic mathematical concepts, some of it homemade, some ready-made. The best of the commercial materials were familiar: Cuisenaire rods, the Dienes multibase material, Stern rods and attribute or logical blocks. This sort of thing is stressed much more than formal arithmetic.)

Wendy and Puppets

Every class has a library alcove, which is separated off by a room divider that also serves as a display shelf for books. Some library corners have a patch of carpet and an old easy chair. Every room has a "Wendy House," a play corner with dolls and furniture for playing house. Often there is a dress-up corner, too, with different kinds of cast-off adult clothes. The small children love the Wendy houses and dress-up corners, but you see older ones using them as well. Some classes have puppet theatres for putting on improvised plays with homemade puppets – although many make do with the legs of one table turned upside down on top of another for a makeshift stage. Often, small children perform dance dramas involving a lot of motion and a minimum of words.

Gradually it becomes clear how the day proceeds in one of these rooms. In many infant and some junior schools the choice of the day's routine is left completely up to the teacher, and the teacher, in turn, leaves options open to the children. Classes for young children, the visitor learns, are reaching a point in many schools where there is no real difference between one subject in the curriculum and another, or even between work and play. A school day run on these lines is called, variously, the "free day," the "integrated curriculum," or the "integrated day." The term scarcely matters.

In a school that operates with a free day, the teacher usually starts in the morning by listing the different activities available. A lot of rich material is needed, according to the teachers, but the best stuff is often homemade; and, in any case, it isn't necessary to have 30 or 40 sets of everything, because most activities are for a limited number of people. "Six children can play in the Wendy House," says a sign in one classroom. The ground rules are that they must clean up when they finish, and they mustn't bother others.

A child might spend the day on his first choice, or he might not. Many teachers confess they get nervous if everybody doesn't do some reading and writing every day; others are committed in principle to letting children choose freely. In practice, a lot of teachers give work when they think it's needed. In this, as in any other way of doing things, teachers tailor their styles to their own temperament and the kind of children they have. But the extent to which children really have a choice and really work purposefully is astonishing.

How they learn reading offers a clear example of the kind of individual learning and teaching going on in these classrooms, even in quite large ones. (The mathematics work shows this even better, but I'll talk of math in another context.) Reading is not particularly emphasized, and my purpose in singling it out is purely illustrative, though the contrast between English classes and most American ones, where reading is a formidable matter, is vivid and depressing.

At first it is hard to say just how they do learn reading, since there are no separate subjects. A part of the answer slowly becomes clear, and it surprises American visitors used to thinking of the teacher as the generating force of education: children learn from each other. They hang around the library corners long before they can read, handling the books, looking at pictures, trying to find words they do know, listening and watching as the teacher hears other children's reading. It is common to see nonreaders studying peo-

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ple as they read, and then imitating them monkey doing what monkey sees. Nobody makes fun of their grave parodies, and for good reasons.

A very small number of schools in two or three authorities have adopted what they call "family," or "vertical," grouping, which further promotes the idea of children teaching children. In these schools, each class is a cross-section of the whole school's population, all ages mixed together. This seems particularly successful in the early school years, when newcomers are easily absorbed, and older children help teach the young ones to clean up and take first steps in reading. Family grouping needs smaller classes, teachers say, because it requires close supervision to make sure small children don't get overshadowed and big ones are still challenged. Teachers using it swear by the flexibility it provides.

Teachers use a range of reading schemes, sight reading, phonics, and so forth, whatever seems to work with a child. (Only about five percent of English schools use the Initial Teaching Alphabet, an improved alphabet, not a method of reading, that has proved successful with poor readers and adults both in England and in this country; heads of good schools we visited thought that ITA was unnecessary with a truly flexible reading program, but that in a rigid scheme, it gave the slow reader another chance, and thus a break.)

Books in Profusion

Increasingly in the good infant schools, there are no textbooks and no class readers. There are just books, in profusion. Instead of spending their scanty book money on 40 sets of everything, wise schools have purchased different sets of reading series, as well as a great many single books, at all levels of difficulty. Teachers arrange their classroom libraries so they can direct students of different abilities to appropriate books, but in most classes a child can tackle anything he wants. As a check, cautious teachers ask them to go on their own through a graded reading series – which one doesn't matter.

However a child picks up reading, it will involve learning to write at the same time, and some write before they can read; there is an attempt to break down the mental barrier between the spoken, the written and the printed word. When a child starts school, he gets a large, unlined notebook; this is his book for free writing, and he can put what he wants in it. On his own, he may draw a picture in it with crayon or pencil, discuss the picture with the teacher, and dictate a caption to her, which she then writes down for him: "This is my Dad." He copies the caption, writing just underneath. In this way he learns to memorize the look and sound of his dictated words and phrases, until he reaches a point where, with help, he can write sentences. Often his notebook serves as his own first reading book.

He also gets a smaller notebook, his private dictionary, in which he enters words as he learns them. "I got a new word," a five-year-old brags to the visitor. Children are always running to the teacher for words, as they find they have more and more to write. Good teachers don't give in without a struggle; the children have to guess the first letter and sound the word out before they get it. Thus they pick up phonetic skills informally, although some teachers do use sight cards at the outset with their children. Gradually as a child amasses a reading and writing vocabulary, he reaches a fluent stage and you see six-year-olds writing stories, free-verse poems, accounts of things done in class, for an audience that includes other children as well as the teacher.

As a rule, teachers don't pay much attention to accuracy or neatness until a child is well on in his writing. They introduce grammar and spelling after a time, but not as separate subjects or ends in themselves: they are simply ways to say what you want better and more efficiently. Under these methods, where the children choose the content of their writing, there seems in fact to be more attention paid to content than externals, such as punctuation, spelling and grammar. In the good schools, these are presented as what they are, living ways to get a meaning across, to be understood. Even some unimaginative teachers, who quibble with children about other work, can respect the content of the free writing books and take it seriously. This emphasis on self-chosen content has produced a flowering of young children's literature in schools working with many kinds of teachers and children. There is growing recognition that different people flourish on different kinds of writing; storytellers and poets are not necessarily the same as those who can do elegant and graceful writing about mathematics. Impressive examples of free writing and poetry similar to what we saw are contained in the West Riding Education Committee's anthology, *The Excitement of Writing*. Samples of "maths" writing are included in the Schools Council's *Mathematics in the Primary Schools*, a wonderfully instructive book on many accounts. Books made and illustrated by the children are coming to be a regular part of the curriculum in some schools.

I've focused on reading, although of course children spend their time doing other things, and the teachers in the schools we saw would be annoyed at the manner in which I've singled out one academic subject. The very best often argued that art was the key. Miss Nash, the head of Sea Mills School in Bristol said firmly that if the art is good, all else follows. All else does follow, richly, at Sea Mills, where the infants sat us down and

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performed a concert of skillful poetry and songs they made up on musical instruments.

But my purpose was to show not reading, but the changed role of the classroom teacher. Formal classroom teaching – the instructor standing up front, talking to the group, or even the first-grade room divided up into reading groups which the teacher listens to separately as she tries desperately to keep order – has disappeared from many infant and a number of junior schools. It has disappeared because it is inflexible, because it imposes a single pattern of learning on a whole group of children – thus forcing the schools to "track," or to group classes by ability – because it ignores the extent to which children teach each other, and because in many workaday schools other methods are working better. Ordinary teachers, trained formally, take to the new role when they can see with their own eyes that the result is not chaos.

Informality Is Hard Work

These methods mean more work for the teacher, not less. In informal conditions, it is essential for the teacher to keep detailed and accurate accounts of what a child is learning, even though at any given moment she might not know what he's up to. Children help by keeping their own records: in some schools, they have private shelves where they store writing books, accounts of experiments and work in "maths," lists of the books they've read, and dates when they checked in with the teacher to read aloud. If American parents could ever see some of the detailed histories kept of each child's separate path, including his art work, they would feel, quite rightly, that a report card is a swindle.

When the class seldom meets as a unit, when children work independently, discipline is less of a problem. It does not disappear as a problem, but it becomes less paramount. The purposeful self-discipline of these children is, we were told, just as surprising to middle-aged Englishmen as it is to Americans. It is a recent development, and by no means the product of luck: much hard work and thought go into the arrangement of these classrooms and their rich materials. When they work at it, teachers find they can make time during the day for children who need it. "I can give all my attention to a child for five minutes, and that's worth more to him than being part of a sea of faces all day," said a teacher in an East London school overlooking the docks. Other teachers say they can watch children as they work and ask them questions; there is a better chance of finding out what children really understand.

What we saw is no statistical sample. The practices of the good schools we visited in different kinds of communities are not universal; but there are reasons for thinking that they are no longer strikingly exceptional. The schools we saw are, for the most part, staffed by ordinary teachers; they are not isolated experiments, run by cranks and geniuses. A government advisory body – the Plowden Committee – published a massive, and to American eyes, a radical report early this year, in which it indicated that about a third of England's 23,000 primary schools have been deeply influenced by the new ideas and methods, that another third are stirring under their impact, and that the remaining third are still teaching along the formal lines of British schools in the thirties, and of American schools now.

The change is most widespread and impressive in the infant schools, and becomes more scattered on the junior level. Junior schools in some authorities are playing stunning variations on the free themes developed by the infant schools; but, in general, change in the junior schools is slower, more diffident and faces more problems.

Many formal schools – English and American – are probably doing a more effective job, in conventional terms, than many of these schools. It doesn't do to dogmatize. For example, by and large, in terms of measurable achievement on conventional tests, children in traditional, formal classes in England do slightly better than children from the freer classes. (The survey is submitted by the Plowden Report.) The difference is greatest in mechanical arithmetic, and least in reading. These are facts, but there are reasons for discounting them, apart from evidence that the differences disappear in later school years. Formal schools teach children to take conventional tests; that is their function, and it would be surprising if all their efforts didn't produce some results. In view of the lack of test training in the freer schools, the students' results seem to me surprisingly high. It is perfectly clear that the mathematics taught in the informal schools – mathematical relationships in which process of thought counts for more than arithmetical skill – and the English – free writing, rather than grammar and so on – put their students at a disadvantage on achievement tests, whose authors would probably be the first to admit this. England and America badly need new kinds of tests. My own very strong impression is that in areas easy to define and probably not hard to test – ability to write, for example, or understanding of the math they were doing – the children in the good schools I saw, including slum schools, were far ahead of students in good schools in this country.

The external motions teachers go through in the schools matter less than what the teachers are and what they think. An organizational change – the free day, for example, or simply rearranging classroom space – is unlikely to make much difference unless teachers really believe that in a rich environment young

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children can learn a great deal by themselves and that most often their own choices reflect their needs. But when you see schools where teachers do believe in them, it is easy to share the Plowden Report's enthusiasm for informal, individual learning in the early years of school. (The Plowden Committee is in a sense the official voice of the primary school revolution.) The infant schools are a historical accident – nobody years ago gave much thought to why children should begin school at five – but British teachers are now realizing their advantages. With kindergarten and the first few years fused together, children have an extended time in which to learn to read and write and work with numbers. This is especially effective if the pattern of learning is largely individual; if the teacher is important, but she doesn't stand in the way or try to take over the whole job. Many of the difficulties that plague formal first-grade classes disappear; children aren't kept back from learning, nor are they branded as problems if they take their time.

A few American kindergartens and Head Start classes have tried to alter the rigid rules of the game, but they are just voices in the wilderness. And the cry doesn't carry very far. An Englishman told me of a good Head Start class run on individual lines; when he peeked into the next room it was the first-grade class and there were the children, sitting in rows, all copying the letter "E."

This is the first of three articles

Post Office Box

It was Art Linkletter who first used a computer to add one and one and make two. UNIVAC put together simpatico couples for the "People Are Funny" show, and after playing anagrams they were sent off in a chauffeured limousine to the Coconut Grove for dinner and dancing. But it was enterprising Harvard students who made coupling big business. By harnessing the electronic computer as a super *shadchen* to the college crowd they established the prototype for hundreds of electronic dating services in this country and Canada, with fees ranging from two to ten dollars.

As the success of the students' Operation Match (which handled over 200,000 applicants in the past year at four dollars apiece) has been repeated by more and more entrepreneurs, the Perfect Match market has broadened. Only college papers carried their ads a few years ago; now the computer date industry advertises in metropolitan dailies and national journals.

I found one computer date ad in the TV log of a Los Angeles paper. Among the more familiar offers of franchise dentists, loan companies and morticians lounged a girl in a bikini. In a cartoon balloon she said: I'M BORED! ARE YOU MY TYPE? She was lonely, though always surrounded by handsome men. What she really wanted was somebody sensitive and creative.

My request for a questionnaire form was promptly answered. It was 70 questions long and in two parts. The first section was called MY ATTITUDES, OPINIONS AND PERSONALITY – a self inventory for which "the greatest honesty and detail is required in order to assure the Perfect Match." The computer asked about my physical appearance, IQ, the intensity of my ambitions and their direction, hobbies and reading matter. It asked about my sexual proclivities ["Are you (a) experienced, (b) moderately experienced, (c) inexperienced but curious, (d) inexperienced and determined to remain so."] It also gave me a list of religions to choose from. I checked "None of these," remembering unpleasant experiences with female missionaries.

The second section was a multiple choice description of "Your Ideal Date." Did I want a blonde? A brunette? A Negro? A Republican? A communist? None of these? All this data would be emptied into an electronic computer, which on receipt of three dollars would yield a harvest of women to my exact specifications.

I wrote a check for three dollars, mailed it to a post office box in the suburbs and began to wait the "one week for processing."

Three months passed. I had received two form letters. "We are sorry for the delay but adequate time must be allowed so that you are assured your Perfect Match." Finally, I found a fat envelope in my box. It was a computer printout of 12 names plus addresses and phone numbers. I waited until dark and rehearsed a little introductory speech. "You don't know me, but I got your name from Computer Date." True to the ad's claim that the dates would be local, the first number on the list was in my neighborhood. I called and a female voice answered: "Sorry. You have reached a disconnected number. Please be sure. . . ."

I tried again. The second number was also disconnected. I tried a third. A girl answered. "Hi," I said. "You don't know me but I got your name from Computer Date." "Fine," she said, "but before we go any farther I have to ask you an important question. Do you believe in God?"

I dialed the next number. She answered and we chatted for a time. I told her I'd like to see her; how was the next evening? "Gee, I'm awful sorry but I got to go to Mass!"

I skipped the next three numbers because two were over 150 miles away and one was obliterated by mysterious square holes. I ran my finger down the list. Mary Ellen Michaels, Joan Klein, Sue Phillips, Herbert Crenshaw. . . .

I stuffed the list into an envelope with a tactful letter asking for my three dollars back. Neal White

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Camera Eyes*

Lost New York is a book of pictures – mostly photographs – selected by Nathan Silver and with substantial text by him.* I went to it like a drunk to drink. I am a New Yorker, born, bred, bruised, and bemused, and pictures of the New York past are irresistible to me. This book in particular was promising: Mr. Silver is an architect, and his patent thesis is that, in the rush of change, New York is destroying an architectural heritage. I expected a pleasantly painful exercise in nostalgia and some guidance – since change is inevitable – on how to change. There is some of the former, but on the score of guidance, which is ostensibly the book's reason for existence, it seems to me weak.

Three good points, however, come through, although Silver does not specifically make them. The first is that New York once had a number of buildings devoted solely to communal pleasure – centers something like the present-day Tivoli in Copenhagen. The generic term was "garden": Niblo's Garden, the Atlantic Garden, the German Winter Garden. (The term survives in the Winter Garden Theatre and Madison Square Garden.) The second point is that the rate of change in New York has *always* been rapid. A few years ago I read an interview with the builder of a new Fifth Avenue skyscraper. His son had just entered his business, and the builder said proudly, "In twenty years my son may be the one who will tear this place down." I thought that this was a sharp comment on our times. But a cast-iron building by James Bogardus, an architectural landmark erected in 1849, was demolished just ten years after it was built. The first Plaza Hotel, where the second now stands, was opened in 1890 and was torn down in 1905. These and similar facts reminded me of Edwin Booth's celebrated theatre on West 23rd Street (not mentioned by Silver) which was opened in 1869 and in 1883 was replaced by an office building.

* *Lost New York*, by Nathan Silver (Houghton Mifflin; $15).

The third point is sociological: the matter of class structure. Figuratively speaking, there is no longer a servant class in this country. All the mansions and many of the smaller dwellings in this book were built on the assumption that servants were readily and cheaply available; this assumption was as much a part of the architect's vision as the size of the site. (Cornelius Vanderbilt had 30 servants in his mansion that stood on the present Bergdorf Goodman site.) To mourn the passing of these residences, as Silver does, seems about as rational as mourning the passing of the barouche. Or does Silver maintain that Fifth Avenue should still be lined with all of them, all of them now used as consulates or headquarters of societies? Where would the people live who are now in the apartments that replaced those mansions?

This is the basic defect of Silver's book. New York, like any city, cannot be preserved in amber; cities must respond to economic and social forces. Yet it is aesthetically and psychically important not to efface the past utterly. What guidance does Silver give us in this fundamental dilemma? In his preface he notes that this book began as an exhibit at the Columbia University School of Architecture and that the typical comment from visiting architects "was not 'too bad this was lost, it was beautiful,' but much more often, 'too bad this was lost, it was old.' The commonest assumption was that I was arguing the justice and worthiness of preservation *for the sake of the past*." But that seems to me precisely what Silver does argue later:

> "All that is really meant by a building's 'style' is that it is more or less understandable in terms of time. The greatest buildings are radioactive with history."

Surely there are many non-great buildings that are highly radioactive. Would anyone seriously call the ultra-radioactive US Capitol a great building? Can saturation with history make us regret the removal of the old Tombs Prison in New York? Silver says of the vanishing Astor Hotel on Broadway: "It would have been sound civic economy to permit a fine hotel, significantly connected with the past, to remain where it belonged." He would not find many who agree that – in the last three decades at least – the Astor was anything like a fine hotel, and as a resident New Yorker, I would like to be enlightened about the significance of its history.

Silver opposes the recent alteration of the Times Tower in Times Square because it was both a world-recognized landmark and an impressive location for a newspaper. As for the first, so was the teeming overcrowded lower East Side. (I once escorted a foreign visitor who was disappointed because so many of the tenements he knew from American films had been razed for apartment projects.) As for the second, I believe it is something like 40 years since the *Times* had anything but a want-ad office in the Times Tower.

Two more examples out of many. Few people can be more sentimental about the old Metropolitan Opera House than I or can be more repelled by the interior of the new Met. Silver says (correctly) that we could use another opera house, but he contends that the old Met would have "most adequately" served such a purpose. Has he ever spent an evening there in an expensive seat craning his neck to see half the stage and wishing he could hear the whole orchestra? Has he ever heard the Met company's opinion of the old house?

He also mourns the passing of Pennsylvania Station. I have always agreed with the architect Claude Bragdon who, in 1938, called it a "veritable Temple of Fatigue." I thought its exterior wildly inappropriate and its interior inconveniently designed. Silver regrets the loss of the vaulted arches above the tracks, not mentioning that they were essential in the days of steam-engines (no longer permitted in

(Continued on page 34)

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Danilo Dolci: The Politics of Grace

by Robert Coles

On the way from his home in Sicily to a lecture tour in South America Danilo Dolci stopped briefly in Chicago and New York and then Boston, where for two days I had a chance to see him, hear him and talk with him. Now, weeks later, I find it hard either to define or shake off the mood he creates. He can be labeled easily enough – a reformer, an advocate of downtrodden Sicilians, an exponent of non-violence in an island with a long tradition of murderous revenge, an Italian writer whose vivid yet detailed accounts of poverty in his nation's villages and farmlands have impressed themselves on the whole world, and finally a leader who offers hope not only to Partinico or Palermo but to the great majority of the world's men and women, the rural, backward people of Africa and Latin America, not to mention our own South, our Southwest and our Appalachia. Yet, his presence did not remind me of those "facts," or of all the others I had crammed into my mind before his arrival. If there is a legend about him, one of the first things he does is dispel it – by bringing to his listeners the lives of *others*. We heard what it is like for someone who is not a *turista* to live under that warm Italian sun and near those lovely Mediterranean waters.

In many respects Dolci is like Oscar Lewis: it is possible to call them both artists, writers, men of strong moral sensibility who are at the same time able to say what they feel in a convincing and even a lyrical fashion. Each of them is much more; and I suspect the enormous value of their technical and scientific work is cleverly dismissed by some of those who eagerly acknowledge the "poetry" of *La Vida* or Dolci's *Outlaws*. They share a "methodology," a manner of working, and they share an "approach to data," a style of putting to word what has been seen again and again. If they reach, touch and persuade people, perhaps they are not *only* gifted and effective authors, but men who are on the right track, who live close to what is real and important without feeling any need to disguise or blunt their findings.

Dolci was not born close to the human misery he now observes and fights every day. He was born near Trieste, the son of a devoutly Catholic, Slovenian mother and a skeptical, moody Italian father who worked for the Italian State Railways, the vast and cumbersome bureaucracy whose improvement at the hands of the Fascists made Mussolini's stock rise so high among the punctual bourgeoisie of the West. Like Oscar Lewis, who wanted to be an opera singer and still sings in his leisure time, Dolci acquired an early interest in music, particularly the organ music of Bach. He also became a passionate and exhaustive reader, to the point that his family began to worry about his health and his apparent desire to gain rather than use knowledge.

When he was seventeen Dolci met up with Sicily; his father had been moved there, to become stationmaster in the village of Trappeto. He visited his father, but did not stay with him; there was a college education to pursue in Milan, and then a career in architecture. By 1948 at twenty-four, he had finished school, become a teacher at Milan's Polytechnic Institute, and written two monographs, "The Science of Construction" and "The Theory of Reinforced Concrete." He was young and he seemed to be everything that people have in mind when they use words like "eligible" and "promising." He was also "disturbed," as it is put these days. He wasn't "normal" enough to overlook the widespread hunger and disease that plagued his country, a Christian democracy. He didn't have the "psychological resources" to carve out his own destiny without worrying too much ("neurotically") about others. His "emotions" seemed to be getting the better of his common sense – and his parents were desperately worried. All that tuition, all that education, all that proven ability seemed in jeopardy. And for what? The son could not give them an encouraging answer:

> "I suddenly realized that I was about to become fossilized. I was about to bury myself in a materialistic society which glorified intellect to the point where it killed feelings, those very feelings which could become actions. And I felt the *need* of action. I suddenly realized that reinforced concrete and drawing boards weren't enough. A home, a car and all the rest – they weren't enough. Better to be penniless and in shirtsleeves and a nobody, merely alive in the midst of life. . . ."

Well, he wasn't sent away to have his head examined (and straightened out) or to get things out of his system; he took matters into his own hands and found his way to Sicily, to Nomadelphia, a Catholic community for destitute orphans run by a tempestuous, strong-minded cleric called Don Zeno, "the mad priest." For some reason Don Zeno could not keep his mouth shut. He disliked the Fascists, said so, and was jailed for speaking his mind. He not only wanted to pray for the poor, he wanted to give them food and medicine, and he wanted the rich to do so also, to follow Christ's example. Sometimes mad people are insistently literal-minded. They ignore the evasions and duplicities that the rest of us learn to take for granted. Don Zeno took the Bible seriously – Matthew and Mark and Luke and John and the Acts of the Apostles and the Letters of Paul. Not every Christian falls into that kind of trap.

Dolci rather quickly showed that he was as "mad," as vulnerable and earnest and generous as the priest. He worked as his secretary. He started a small orchestra. He did menial work.

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He looked after some of the most forsaken and distrustful children, waifs whose one great fortune in life had been the circumstances that led them to Nomadelphia. Slowly, the fearful children took to Dolci, however guarded they tried to be. He was irresistible, with his music and long walks and lectures and natural friendliness and torn pants and sweaters.

In 1951 he published *Voices in The City of God*, poems that life in Nomadelphia had largely stimulated. That same year he had to go into the army, where he refused to be an officer. While he was away Don Zeno came under intense attack from Rome – from Cardinals and "liberal" politicians who found his relentless interest in poor, homeless children a thorny, embarrassing nuisance. Italy was then strengthening herself, building herself up to resist the godless Red hordes who threatened civilization from their Eurasian Steppes. Any kind of effort to reach the "hard-core" poor would be missing the awful point. There is always time for the nation to change things a little bit, make things a little better; but first the *enemy* must be defeated – and if he has become an "inside" enemy, all the more reason to drop everything and pursue him, even if he and his supporters command the loyalty of millions, who are tired of being dropped generation after generation for one urgent reason or another.

So Don Zeno's community was hounded out of existence, and in 1952 Dolci left for Trappeto to work on his own. It would not take him long to make Rome consider Don Zeno's ideas an attractive alternative to his. The priest wanted to nourish abandoned Catholic children; his young follower had even wilder ideas, and would be far more able to survive the various pressures that rise – from nowhere it seems – when the poor press their case too hard and demand not occasional charity and a promise of Heaven, but bread and work as a right.

From February 1952 to the present day Dolci has lived in Sicily and taken on a succession of powers and principalities. His labor, his studies, his achievements and inevitably his failures – which only seem to inspire in him more effort – now fill a biography (*Fire Under the Ashes* by James McNeish) and a series of books that he himself has written. He has worked in the smallest villages and in the cities, among farmers or fishermen and among the unemployed who live in dense urban slums. He married a peasant woman whose husband died of wounds inflicted by the armed bandits that Sicilians know so well. She brought Dolci five children from her first marriage and they have had five more. For a long while they lived where they worked, and thus shared the daily circumstances which Dolci has relentlessly and scrupulously described and tried to change.

Every one of Dolci's books (some have been translated into English) tells the truth he cannot shirk putting into strong, intense language – and into a number of graphs, statistics, and photographs as well. In *Act Quickly (And Effectively) Because People Are Dying* (1954) he began to develop a characteristic narrative form – a mixture of moral outrage, attention to specific complaints and problems of individuals, and a more inclusive portrayal of what could be done, were those in power willing. *The Outlaws of Partinico* (1955) shows a student becoming a craftsman. The pages contain an introductory report, a series of questions and answers, and a section called "Inside Some of the Houses of Partinico." Dolci starts out as follows:

> "Anyone who comes from Palermo, either by the coast road or over the mountains, his heart bursting with the beauty of the gulf, and takes the road to Segesta and Erice across the town, will find Partinico standing in what would seem a privileged position, in the center of an area of intensely cultivated land, between the fiefs and the sea.
>
> "If he wanders further on into the backstreets, picking his way among the heaps of refuse which grow in size each day and trying to avoid the slops which may be thrown without warning from the houses, he will come upon wild and dirty children, cripples and signs of mourning in great abundance. . . ."

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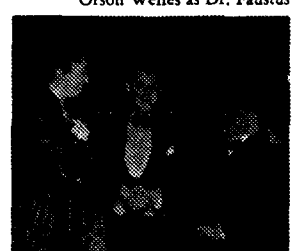

Eleanor Roosevelt, Harry Hopkins, Fiorello La Guardia at Opening Night of *Swing Mikado*

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Live," and "How They Are Governed," and "What Are The Possible Solutions?", in which statistics live side by side with social criticism and sharp, detailed observation of customs and habits. At the end Dolci stands aside and lets others talk: "When we come by some bread, it's only luck. We're in the hands of Providence. You should come in the winter, when the sleet blows in on us, and then you'd see what the house is like."

He stayed, and he also looked into other areas of Sicily. Everywhere it was the same: merciless and feudal exploitation that goes under the name of "law and order"; an ornate and effectively distracting kind of mysticism; widespread illiteracy; and for hundreds of thousands, the unconditional and unrelieved fate of hunger, disease and idleness. Men become bandits to eat. Priests have to risk all sorts of punishment if they make any open alliance with the workers. Lawyers, doctors and teachers write off suffering as inevitable, injustice as part of life – and make sure *their* lives remain protected and comfortable. Above just about everyone stands the incredibly persistent and adaptive Mafia, whose emissaries work in Rome as well as Sicily, and keep a virtual "cultural exchange" program going with the United States.

All this Dolci challenged, slowly at first, but eventually head-on. Article Four of the Italian Constitution states "the right of all citizens to work" and recognizes the government's responsibility to insure "the conditions necessary to render this right effective." Dolci took the law at its word and organized a fast and a "strike-in-reverse." If men have no work, yet live in squalid huts without adequate sanitation and clean water or even decent roads nearby, then let the government see its citizens take matters into their own hands by working for nothing, by doing what cries to be done. No one can very well refuse men the right to obey a law that is explicitly declared in the constitution – or so Dolci and his followers ironically suggested. They started to work on an old dirt road that badly needed repair, and were soon arrested. The government was embarrassed and publicly so because reporters were on hand to record the event; as was Dolci, of course – a prisoner who would later (1958) describe the whole, grotesque sequence of events in a book titled *Article Four of the Constitution on Trial.*

Since then ten years have gone by, and Dolci shows no sign of slowing down. His articles, pamphlets and books continue to come forth, one after another. *Inquiry in Palermo* (1956) turned out to be his masterpiece. Some threescore men and women speak out of the depths of their grim, heartbreaking and stubborn lives. Their stories are unforgettable. As individuals they defy those who want them all one way or the other: thoroughly beaten or ready for any chance to protest; only noble and proud or only tired and brutal; full of every possible wisdom or so ignorant and exhausted that their "level" of existence has to be called "sub-human" by those people who specialize in assigning people to their proper places. Dolci calls them "witnesses" – men who work, like a fisherman, an organ-grinder, a goatherd or a shoemaker, and their luckless neighbors who can find nothing to do, and speak like this:

> "I've been unemployed for three years. I used to work in the fruit trade; I packed oranges, lemons and mandarins in wooden cases, which I stacked on my shoulders and carted away. I can't rest. I've forgotten what it's like to live in peace. I can't even enjoy my children's company any longer. I do nothing all day long but sit or stand about like an idiot, wishing I had something to eat."

Waste, cries Dolci; lives are wasted, and land and water and timber. In 1960 his book *Waste* spelled it all out: energy misspent by desperately poor people – in murder and violence, or in futile, pointless exertions of one sort or another; landslides and soil erosion; water ignored or allowed to go its own way rather than be brought under the control of dams and canals; diseases that exhaust and prematurely kill people – and animals and crops and even trees.

Dolci always asks questions of himself and of the people whose fate he so actively and continually shares.

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"Men and women, how should they be? What should be changed in the life of this area? How?" The answers have come, too – most recently in *A New World in the Making* (1964) and his yet untranslated *Chi Gioco Solo* (1966) – taken from the aphorism "Chi gioco solo non perde mai," or "Who plays a lone hand never loses." Again and again Dolci and his co-workers have learned how divided, isolated and suspicious poor people become. Not only in Sicily do they "play a lone hand." Wherever they live, from the first years of life they learn how useless it is to ask for what is needed, how impossible it is to get the action that is needed.

Yet, someone has to say no, that it is not hopeless and that things can be done by organizing, by striking, by fasting, by pressing fact upon fact upon the press, the intellectual community, the nation and indeed the world. Dolci has conveyed that message to thousands of his countrymen, and word of his deeds has spread around the world. As I listened to him I was struck by his earnest, calm and matter-of-fact manner. He is grave, but not dour, stubborn but not rigid. He is a devoted listener as well as a speaker. He will not think of defeat: "We cannot afford the luxury of losing." There is nothing flashy or rhetorical or dramatic about his presentation, yet he firmly establishes his presence at once.

He is a man who deserves knowing. In America today others are taking up the same struggle he has. Middle-class youths or professional men, they work in slums as teachers or "community organizers" or planners or whatever. Their work is not easy, and the resistance they encounter is not always as gross or explicit as the kind Dolci has had to face. In a sense, though, the dangers are the same. The helper can become a new oppressor. The victim becomes a pawn in a brutal, ideological "plan" or "program." The concrete needs of the poor are brushed aside, and instead abstract "goals" are formulated, always in the name of some future that is on the drawing boards. The self-appointed leaders know what is best, and use their knowledge (a form of capital if ever there was one) to frighten and cajole those they wish to "help." Doctrines are pitted against doctrines, and in the name of "progress" one hears angry, arrogant charges and countercharges.

To have resisted that direction may well be Dolci's greatest triumph. In other countries friends and supporters have flocked to him and organized to help him do his work, his organizing. Right now no such support comes to him from Americans – and as yet there has been no sign that a Nobel Prize will go to this patient, non-violent man who uses the kind of guile Christ sanctioned when He called upon the imagery of serpents and doves in characterizing the way men must act, as "sheep in the midst of wolves." Grace is not one of those "reliable" things that can be measured or even defined, but its power persists, even in this century – among unknown men all over, and in a few persons like Danilo Dolci, whom many of us are fortunate enough to know about and thus share.

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"There is only one possible way of being madder than a madman: it is the higher madness of attaching oneself in all seriousness to a madman, regarding him as a wise man."
– Soren Kierkegaard

While I am not sure that the fates are always benevolent, it does seem to me that they are occasionally more benevolent than we have any right to expect. A case in point is the arrival for review of the Marquis de Sade's *120 Days of Sodom* together with an excellent and specific antidote in Alfred Chester's diabolifugal comedy. Edmund Wilson, who has found Sade an interesting writer (he has some distinguished company in this respect), has remarked that the *120 Days* was the only book he had been unable to face while eating. I'm not sure that such an extraordinary, not to say perverse enterprise would otherwise have occurred to me, even as something I could not imagine doing, although it is clearly an enterprise marvelously in keeping with the spirit of the book. I gather that the manuscript consisted of a roll of paper, some 13 yards long and 5½ inches wide. In view of much that has been written in celebration of Sade's life and work, it seems amazing that no one, as far as I know, has had the temerity to suggest that the choice of material demonstrates that the fellow was not entirely lacking in taste.

Should there still be anyone who doesn't know it, the book provides,

The 120 Days of Sodom
by the Marquis de Sade
translated by Austryn Wainhouse
and Richard Seaver
(Grove; $15)

The Exquisite Corpse
by Alfred Chester
(Simon & Schuster; $4.95)

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within the context of an incredibly silly plot, an elaborately contrived and appallingly detailed catalogue of those possibilities of personal degradation encompassed by Sade's presently impoverished imagination. The making of the catalogue, an act arguably even less dignified than any of those catalogued, was not among those possibilities. Mercifully, only some thirty days were written out in full, the remainder merely sketched in outline, a few (far too few) very briefly indeed.

The Grove Press edition seems to have spared us none of it. It is probable that my attention wandered, and perhaps I may be forgiven if I do not have the heart to read it all again in order to confirm my impression, but I believe that Wilson's invention (the idea, that is to say, of eating while reading the book) is missing from Sade's inventory. Coprophagia is favored here, and sooner or later one begins to realize that one is not merely reading about it, although I would not wish to suggest that this effect should be credited to the writer's art. At any rate, it seems to me that none of Sade's curiously famous images of abuse quite measure up to that visited upon the reader.

This is, I believe, a point of some importance in trying to grasp something of what Sade was about: it is also a point that Simone de Beauvoir (her essay "Must We Burn Sade?" is included in this edition) manages to miss again and again, and in missing it becomes another of Sade's victim-accomplices. "It was not murder," she writes, "that fulfilled Sade's erotic nature: it was literature." Precisely. Again, she observes that "... the torturer disguised as lover delights to see the credulous lover swooning with voluptuousness and gratitude, mistake cruelty for tenderness." The diagnosis becomes quite clear if one simply substitutes "reader" for "lover" in relation to the torturer disguised as writer. "Torturer and victim recognize their fellowship," Mme. de Beauvoir writes, "in astonishment, esteem and even admiration," and elsewhere quotes Sade: "There is no keener pleasure for a libertine mind than to win proselytes."

For Mme. de Beauvoir, some reservations about his style and the coherence

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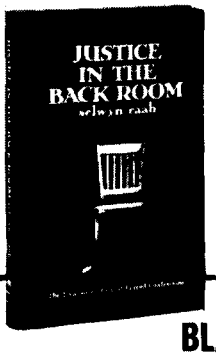

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of his philosophy notwithstanding (for she would have us understand that she has not given herself unreservedly), Sade "deserves to be hailed as a great moralist." His "passionate self-absorption . . . gave his life an exemplary character." "He made of his sexuality an ethic: he expressed this ethic in works of literature. . . . He went beyond the sensualism of his age and transformed it into an ethic of authenticity." Perhaps the oddest judgment of all: "Sade's immense merit lies in his taking a stand against [those] abstractions and alienations which are merely flights from the truth about man. No one was more passionately attached to the concrete than he." A species of concreteness must be granted, but one that I dare say is quite the wrong kind, unless anatomical detail is an acceptable substitute for the imagination of the significantly real. "It was by means of his imagination," she writes, "that he escaped from space, time, prison, the police, the void of absence, opaque presences, the conflicts of existence, death, life and all contradictions." Nowhere in her essay does the lady come closer to the heart of the matter, and at no point is she more perverse in her understanding. There is no little irony here, but unfortunately that irony belongs neither to Sade nor to his admirer; rather do both belong within it, neither apparently sensible of it.

Perhaps it is necessary to consider Sade's intent as a writer, and to ask whether he imagined his writing as primarily, if not exclusively a means of degrading his readers. "It was not murder that fulfilled Sade's erotic nature: it was literature." I think it would be just to conclude that in this respect Sade's discriminating imagination failed him no less than it failed him in many other ways, and that he took himself utterly seriously as a writer, philosopher, social critic and psychologist. That he should in turn be taken seriously in any of these ways is really rather remarkable, and particularly so in that phenomena of this order are hardly rare. Fragments of the kinds of bizarre processions that are among the consequences of some of these matters provide the materials that Alfred Chester has chosen to use in constructing his decidedly clever, sometimes repulsively savage but more often richly comical satire: *The Exquisite Corpse* is, I would hazard, essentially a commentary on some of the varieties of obscenity, both in life and in literature, rather than the grotesquely obscene book that, ironically, it pretends to be. Its title is descriptive both of the form of Chester's satirical exercise and of his image of the form of those parodies of relation (including sex) that are the lot of the dispossessed population of the "drag" world from which his cast is drawn. André Breton has described the surrealist parlor game recalled by the title in this way:

> "Game of folded paper played by several people, who compose a sentence or drawing without anyone seeing the preceding collaboration or collaborations. The now classic example, which gave the game its name, was drawn from the first sen-

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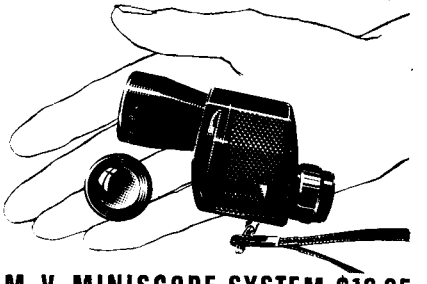

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tence composed in this way: The- exquisite - corpse - will - drink - new – wine."

Chester has folded the paper so as to provide 49 scenes, each affording a brief glimpse of the apparent unfolding of the lives of the several members of the cast. The sketches are delightfully varied in style: some, for example, are cast in terms of fantastic allegory, others are elegantly contrived literary graffiti or pastiches of much that parades as realism in contemporary writing. I cannot tell exactly how many are included in the cast, but suspect that it matters not at all: the ambiguities of name, number and gender in this transvestite world serve as almost trivial reflections of other more nightmarish ambiguities. The frequently transmogrified procession includes one John Anthony, a maker and wearer of masks, who becomes Baby Poorpoor who is called James Madison by the respectably suburban T. S. Ferguson, otherwise known (at least to James Madison) as the distinctly less than respectable John Doe who worries whether he will ever again be able to impersonate T. S. Ferguson, whoever he might be. The question arises then, not of how many constitute the cast, but whether there is, in any significantly human sense, any cast at all: each seems exclusively to be the fictitious invention of the other, and this other is no less a reductive fiction than his invention. This is quite spectacularly so in the occasional vignettes of the mothers, monstrously simple when they are not simply monstrous. The exquisite corpse, it will be recalled, was essentially a collaborative game. In one scene, when John Anthony is being Veronica, she runs into one of her ex-lovers, Julie, who is down on his luck and buys him a beer: Veronica sticks out her tongue at a vampire sitting on the roof of the Salvation Army marquee since ". . . nothing scared her any more except the full moon when she dreaded turning into a werewolf. And even this not so much as formerly, because Veronica was frank with herself, and unflattering as the thought was, she knew that any werewolf must just as much dread turning into her." Chester has succeeded admirably, even with a thoroughly ruthless precision, in portraying that absurdly reductive, almost hypochondriacal vision of the human condition that seems increasingly popular in our age. Nigel Dennis put it nicely when he wrote that ". . . we tend to believe nowadays that in studying an author's character we should look to the excrement if we are to find the fundament." Out of these manifold follies, Chester has made an appropriately unpleasant comedy which, like all good comedy, is never merely funny. I have noted, with some puzzlement, that Seymour Krim is quoted on the jacket as suggesting, if I understand him correctly, that the *Exquisite Corpse* is a work of searing intensity. Using terms like "authentic," "imperative" and "pitiful" he writes that "Chester holds nothing of himself back in this book." Taken seriously in this way, it seems to me that the whole exercise becomes *merely* funny, and that, I submit, is not funny at all.

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Correspondence

How Many Bullets?

Sirs:

The single-bullet theory may strain credulity for some casual students of the Kennedy assassination, but it is the only answer consistent with all the available facts.

This conclusion is based on extensive impartial study of the evidence during seven months of preparatory work for four one-hour television broadcasts on successive nights last month comprising "A CBS News Inquiry: The Warren Report."

It is disappointing that a writer as knowledgeable as Alexander M. Bickel – no matter how "brilliant" or how "evasive and fatuous" he considered the various CBS News efforts – should add to the vast misinformation spread by irresponsible critics of the Warren Report. In his review in *The New Republic* issue dated July 1, 1967, Mr. Bickel makes one major error of fact and offers specious arguments against the single-bullet theory.

Look at the evidence:

Abraham Zapruder's film shows just how President Kennedy and Governor Connally were sitting when they were shot. The autopsy states the angle and direction of the shots through President Kennedy's neck and head. The three expended cartridges found on the Book Depository's sixth floor, plus one nearly intact bullet and two sizeable bullet fragments were all positively identified as having been fired from the rifle found on that sixth floor – to the exclusion of all other rifles.

The nearly intact bullet was found on a Parkland Hospital stretcher, most likely the one Governor Connally had occupied. The bullet fragments were found in the front seat area of the Presidential limousine. Other, much smaller fragments were found in the car later. . . .

Two bullets, meaning two shots, can account for all the wounds and all the damage. The case for a third shot rests primarily on the finding of three empty cartridge cases. This shot, whether it was the first one fired as CBS News suggests or the second one

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as the Warren Commission implied, almost certainly missed the Presidential limousine entirely. . . .

The single-bullet theory suggests that one bullet went through the President's neck, went through Governor Connally's chest ripping along one rib, exited tumbling, hit the Governor's wrist breaking bones and leaving lead particles, then came out base forward and made a puncture wound in the Governor's thigh.

This theory requires a longer reaction time for Governor Connally than for President Kennedy, but it is entirely possible according to a preponderance of experts in wound ballistics.

The critical point here is that any theory of separate bullets must explain what happened to the bullet that wounded the President in the neck. Arguments that the neck wound was inflicted from the opposite direction ignore expert testimony showing which way clothing fibers were bent by the bullet. To twist the path of the bullet upward so it would escape hitting anything else in the car not only challenges the autopsy report (very easy since the autopsy photographs are still withheld from impartial scrutiny), but it also is a far more tortured argument than that sarcastically attributed to proponents of the single-bullet theory.

Mr. Bickel's major error is his suggestion that there were more fragments left in Governor Connally than the stretcher bullet had lost.

One of the autopsy pathologists did say there were more particles "described" in the Governor's wrist than were missing from that nearly intact bullet. But it turned out the pathologist knew very little about the weight of particles in Governor Connally's wrist. Three particles were removed. The largest weighed half a grain. The other two and those left in his wrist were far tinier. There was also a tiny particle in his thigh. The total weight of lead particles in Governor Connally could easily be less than two grains. There were two or three grains missing from that bullet. So this did not disprove the single-bullet theory, nor prove it. . . .

As for the gelatin tests conducted for CBS News by Dr. Alfred G. Olivier, chief of wound ballistics at the Army's Edgewood Arsenal, it was Dr. Olivier's

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conclusion, as he stated in the second broadcast, that these tests "very strongly show that this one bullet could have caused all the wounds." . . .

The full basis for that conclusion, which we did not explore on the air, was this:

Dr. Olivier felt that the "very little more velocity" needed for a test bullet to penetrate the block simulating the Governor's thigh could be supplied in at least two ways.

The gelatin blocks were deliberately made slightly larger than the anatomy they were simulating so that any error would make the single-bullet test more difficult rather than easier. We could have shaved the simulation blocks until we got a perfect result, but we did not think that would be scientifically valid.

Also, to insure hitting the first block, simulating the President's neck, with pinpoint accuracy so as to keep the bullet in line with the successive chest, wrist and thigh blocks, the bullet was not fired from 180 feet or so away – as in Dealey Plaza – but from about 20 feet away. The powder in the cartridge was reduced so that the impact velocity approximated that at 180 feet, but this short range introduced a slight "muzzle yaw" – the bullet was not as stable after traveling only 20 feet as it would be 180 feet from the muzzle. The difference, Dr. Olivier decided, could be the difference between bouncing off the thigh block and penetrating it. . . .

Mr. Bickel erred, as did the CBS News transcript from which he apparently took his information, in attributing doubts of the single-bullet theory to William F. Enos, a pathologist at Northern Virginia Doctors Hospital. Dr. Enos said this type of military bullet could indeed have gone through two men without deforming. It was Dr. Cyril Wecht, a Pittsburgh pathologist speaking after Dr. Enos, who thought it "highly improbable."

We never deluded ourselves that this CBS News Inquiry would satisfy people who for one reason or another choose not to believe the basic conclusions of the Warren Report. . . .

If Mr. Bickel is looking for a weak point in the case against Lee Harvey Oswald, let him concentrate on the lack of proof that Oswald himself actually pulled the trigger of his rifle.

Walter Lister
CBS News Special Reports

In reply . . . .

I was trying to deal in print with "irresponsible critics" and "vast misinformation" before CBS deigned to consider the problem of the Warren Report airworthy, and I do not take kindly, therefore, to insinuations about "people who for one reason or another choose not to believe," or to *ex cathedra* pronouncements about criticisms unsupported "by any rational evidence."

That a third shot missed the Presidential limousine may be true, but that it "almost certainly" did so is sheer assumption. All the evidence Mr. Lister recites tends to show that the single-bullet theory is possible. I have never denied that it is. I have never credited notions that the neck wound was inflicted from the front, and early pointed out that fibers in the President's shirt collar proved that his throat injury was an exit wound. And I have never challenged the physical findings of the autopsy report.

But Dr. Humes himself – the chief autopsy surgeon – said that the nearly intact bullet could not have caused all of Governor Connally's wounds. The Commission's other expert, Dr. Finck, a well-known forensic pathologist, was of the same opinion. The question is one of distortion and of loss of fragments. This is testimony forming a rational basis for grave doubt, and no adequately unambiguous refutation of it has been produced from equally qualified sources. I thought it and think it an evasion for CBS to have omitted consideration of this crucial point. The hypothesis of a hit to the President's back by the first shot is no less possible than the single-bullet theory, and may be less difficult, although it is, as I said, not without difficulties, which I wish CBS had explored. The vast resources and the vast audience CBS commands impose certain obligations.

I see that my characterization of Dr. Olivier's tests was accurate. They proved nothing, whatever Dr. Olivier's speculations.

I am sorry I was misled into calling

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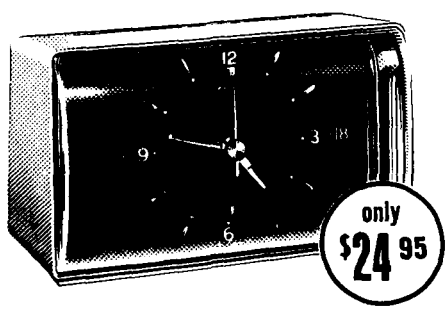

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Dr. Enos by Dr. Wecht's name. I had insufficient confidence in my memory of the program to correct the CBS transcript on my own authority. Let us be clear, however, that Dr. Enos was not speaking about the particular bullet in question having caused the particular wounds of both men. He was merely saying that a theoretical bullet could go through two theoretical men – a judgment of possibilities I am prepared to accept.

Alexander M. Bickel

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

New York) and that – as we can still see in London stations – they were always filthy. And how, in reason, can Silver deplore the removal of a building he himself calls magniloquent until he sees the still-unfinished replacement?

The author seems to be of mixed minds on his subject. Writing more recently than in this book, Silver, now in England, said in the July 28 *New Statesman:*

> "The profession of architecture is moving from a predominantly fine arts orientation to a predominantly social science orientation. And please reflect before throwing a rock at the [Royal Institute of British Architects] building. As fine artists, architects are currently managing to accomplish about 5 percent of all the building that needs to be done. Since it seems that we will have to double the size of the man-made world in the next 40 years, should we go on saying with some art historians, that there are elevated and base works, and architecture is only about the former?"

He goes on to say that architects ought to help "take responsibility for the entire normal human state." With this burden on them, then, with the accompanying need to double the size of the man-made world in 40 years, how much of the old shall be preserved? Obviously the architect's task does not absolutely rule out the preservation of heritage, but it does make necessary some lucid statements that will safeguard the valuable past without ham-

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stringing the future. Silver's book is not of much help to at least one interested amateur. He seems ultimately to document the very criterion he derogates at the start: mere age.

But even Silver's unsatisfactory book proves again that all photographs of people or of man-made things are eventually sad. Time moves, but the vanished house still stands, the old woman is still a happy bride, the dead man laughs. Mortals have been more conscious of mortality since the invention of the camera. And this innate poignancy is increased in *Portrait of an Age,** a collection of Erich Salomon's photographs, because Salomon was killed in Auschwitz.

Called the first "candid camera" man, he was a photo journalist who specialized in unposed pictures of the eminent. He had a law degree and some publishing experience in his native Germany, but in the late '20s he became infatuated with the camera and took up this new career, which soon led him all over Europe and the US. He was a refugee living in Holland when Hitler's approach impelled him to hide his negatives. Some of them were buried under a friend's chicken coop, some were given to the library of the Dutch Parliament, and some of them were preserved in England by his son Peter Hunter-Salomon. The latter, with Han de Vries, has made the selection for this book.

Most of the nine sections are of political figures, with one section on artists and intellectuals and another on law courts. There is scarcely a dull one in the lot, and some of them are exquisite. There are pictures of English and Dutch judges that might have delighted Daumier. There is a picture of Otto Kahn, the New York banker and art patron, in his drawing room with his wife and some paintings and some books, that sums up a historical relation between money and art.

But the most grimly interesting sections are the political ones – especially the informal views of those endless international conferences about trade and amity and disarmament, all the while that these statesmen were grinding toward the cataclysm that enveloped,

* *Portrait of An Age*, by Erich Salomon (Macmillan; $14.95).

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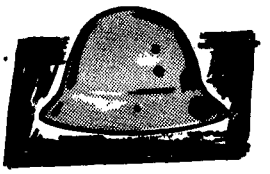

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among others, the photographer himself. (Incidentally, one gets the impression that all European embassies and chancellories are furnished by the same interior decorator.) There are some especially fascinating sequences like frames from a strip of film: for example, three different views of the Reichstag on a day in 1931, focused on the National Socialist section.

The political sections also have their humorous touches. Chancellor Bruening's cabinet meets in the garden of his palace in 1930 because it is a hot August day, but every one of them is wearing a heavy suit with a vest and one of them sports a winged collar. A gentleman sits on a sofa in the Quai d'Orsay in 1935 waiting for his daily conference with Foreign Minister Laval. The gentleman is Laval's astrologer.

In the introduction Salomon is described as "a most unobtrusive person, a man who . . . never pushed himself forward." This is plainly untrue. He frequently obtruded and pushed himself into many places where he was not wanted, although he developed some tactful techniques. Evidently he was often a nuisance, but now we can be glad of it.

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